

A Knight of the Toilers

by Arthur Newell





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A KNIGHT of the TOILERS

..BY..

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Trevor

TREVOR

I.

AT a square desk in a large room, at the rear of a suite of commercial offices, there sat a small, nervous man, whose business for the moment was—waiting.

He was not a man who liked to wait. The characteristic of him which was most marked was his swiftness of movement. He was all eye and all leap.

And besides being temperamentally unfitted to wait, Mr. Pattison was a man whose power and authority had accustomed him to say “Go” or to say “Come,” and to be obeyed quickly. If there were those who tarried, it was his nature instantly to manifest his angry

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impatience by overt and unmistakable act. He was a great man, and it was like a wound in his body if his importance were for a moment disregarded.

Yet this morning he waited—if not calmly, yet at least with the outward semblance of composure. The explanation lay in the fact that the man for whom he waited was one whose value—measured even by that severest of tests, actual dollars—was well-nigh indispensable.

While he waited, the great man reviewed once again some documents which lay there on his desk before him.

The documents were interesting—documents fraught with the only kind of interest that ever got deep into Mr. Pattison's heart. They concerned a plan for making another fine addition to his already magnificent revenues.

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Back in the earlier days of his career, when the magnate had begun to extend the sphere of his business operations, it had been necessary to establish offices in nearly every considerable city of the country, and, of course, to place at the head of each office a manager; a manager who was an able man. Following the earlier days came the period when competition in commerce became as “war to the knife, and knife to the hilt.” Then, any survival whatsoever of the Pattison business depended directly on the energy and the resourcefulness, the zeal and the loyalty, at their various posts, of these managers. But, finally, as triumph had come—that day when competitors had been crushed (the few remaining absorbed) and Pattison himself was able to contemplate the country from the standpoint of his own business,

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with the pleasing consciousness that he had a quite perfect monopoly of the trade—then it seemed that one of the many advantages resulting was the ability to dispense with this rather expensive staff of managers—these men who had been associated with him so long in the upbuilding of his business. During the course of the years their salaries of compulsion had crept up into large figures—figures so large, in fact, that the annual aggregate thereof represented an imposing sum.

And the eye of the magnate having once begun to look enviously in this direction, his instincts itched to divert the sum thus paid out back into his private purse. Economy, he said, dictated that high salaries should go. And in having them go, two hundred thousand dollars would be returned to his private purse.

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There was, however, an obstructive difficulty; a matter of some pledges—contracts perhaps—made with these men in the days of stress; agreements whose purport was to protect the managers themselves in a share of that increase in fortune which time and their own energies had helped to bring to pass. In order that Pattison's eager instinct might be satisfied, it was necessary that these contracts must in some way be gotten over—nullified, disregarded, or whatever was necessary.

It was at this point that the man for whom Mr. Pattison was now waiting was useful—was indeed indispensable. As a past master in discovering the loopholes of escape, in giving the right and effective tone to a plan where either money-saving or money-making was involved, and in those diplomatic niceties

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necessary to carry out such a plan, Trevor, Mr. Pattison believed, was without a rival.

Trevor was the magnate's confidential lieutenant.

II.

SHORTLY Trevor came into his own room, and the magnate joined him.

“Just glance over that,” he said. He placed the document relating to the salary list on Trevor’s desk.

The list included some twenty names, and opposite the names there were three rows of figures. The first row set forth the salaries which the managers were now drawing. The second row gave the salaries as Mr. Pattison had decided they should be. The last row gave the saving effected by the reduction. The figures were neat and precise, and in the great man’s own hand. The total at the foot of the third column was in red ink, and indicated the amount that the proposed economy would return to the corporation’s treasury.

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“ We must attend to details,” Mr. Pattison said, with a grin.

It required a glance only for Trevor to understand. Yet Trevor’s eyes lingered over that page as his eyes were rarely accustomed to linger over anything. Slowly he re-read, and then up and down the page again.

It was not in the figures that his interest centered. The first quick glance was enough for that. His interest was in the names. There was Bob Ensign—whole-souled, large-minded, courageous Bob. There was Tom Herron—clever, clear-headed, loyal; and Henry Reed, and Ferd Williams, and old fat Gillicuddy—the clean-souled Irishman, who would fight for his friends as long as breath stayed in his body.

These names—and others on the list as well—were the names of men who had

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stood to Trevor as friends—as such comrades in the battle of life as he knew. And just now the proposition involving these friends, which Mr. Pattison was making, struck the young man as containing a peculiar measure of iniquity.

Even apart from contracts made with them or pledges given to them, these were the men upon whose energies and brains the Pattison business had been built up. These were the men whose loyalty in the days of stress had made any Pattison corporation possible whatever.

And now it was proposed to reduce them to a clerk's wage; these men who by now had put their stakes in the ground and had families looking to them for the privileges of life and being; who were important figures in the life of many communities; these men

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who were his friends—to shove them back practically to where they were when they began their battle with life.

That the proposition was like many which had gone before did not seem just now to be pertinent; nor that the disregard of pledges and of moral responsibility was the natural sequence of a well-established principle of business. What Trevor now saw in it was a ruthlessly violated bond given to loyal men; men, moreover, who were his friends. This was the point as it happened at which he was tender, the point at which his own sensibilities were capable of being awakened.

“You see,” the magnate urged, “we’ve got things now, to suit ourselves. And,” after a pause, “it means two hundred thousand dollars a year. That’s worth saving.”

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An expression of contempt spread over Trevor's face.

“ One doesn't develop a trust for nothing, eh ? ” Mr. Pattison added, a little apologetically.

“ I don't like the idea,” said Trevor.

“ Don't like it ? ”

“ We are pledged to these men.”

“ Yes,” said Pattison, “ pledges—pledges are in the day's work. But ”—a reverberating, chuckling laughter rolled out. Pattison rarely descended into the deep mire but that he strove to give the journey an air of merry pleasantry.

“ This,” he said, “ is a little item of business.”

He moved a step away. “ A circular letter,” he said, with an air of authority—an authority which indeed was rare in his relation to the young man—“ a cir-

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cular letter, I judge, will cover the case.”

And, leaving the papers on Trevor's desk, the magnate returned to his own room.

III.

WHILE Mr. Pattison had stood by, Trevor realized that his own mental processes had been somewhat confused; that he had been slow in conceiving the distinction there was to be made—the distinction upon which a claim could be based, to save his friends.

But when the door connecting the two rooms was closed, the young men understood that emotion of some sort had got into these matters of business. And, incidentally, the conviction dawned upon him that one's feelings were themselves a legitimate and tangible consideration.

“Damn him!” he muttered. A rude instinct surged in his breast; the instinct to lay hands on the man behind the door, to do him physical violence, to

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treat him as the worm, as the slimy, snake-like thing Trevor felt him to be.

Could this man not once act true to men whose nature he was supposed to share? Could he not once make decent recognition of loyal service? Allow an ordinary return where he had profited so much? At the very least, could not that honor which is among thieves survive with him?

Habit being strong, however, Trevor hesitated. He sat down. He examined the documents once more. And then a smile—a contemptuous, but an intelligent smile—returned to his lips. The issue, after all, was a simple matter of business. Mr. Pattison was acting only as the purpose controlling dictated that he should act. And since Trevor's own ox was not being gored, he could say of the others "it is their own funeral."

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His composure being thus restored, he passed into the room of his chief, and was amiably welcomed.

“Back there,” the magnate said, “valuable men were needed, they had things to do. We had to have *men*—men of brains.” And he laughed. “They had to do pretty much as they could, for all the help we could give them. They had to do as they pleased, and we had to take what they were pleased to do.”

“Well, back there, we had to pay these men—high salaries—about as high as they asked. And I guess they were worth it. I have seen the time,” and again he laughed, “when more than one of those offices did bigger business and made bigger money than this home office ever thought of making. Salaries crept up, of course.” He paused, smiling reminiscently.

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“ Well,” he resumed, “ that *was* in the days of competition. Things are different now. Those men simply have to take business when it comes to them. Business can’t go anywhere else! There is no call for brains, you see.”

“ Why,” he went on, laughing again, “ any office boy can do the work that a branch office stands for to-day; a small clerk, at any rate, at a thousand a year. That’s where combination comes in. There’s no need to pay big salaries. We’ve got things in our own hands. It’s machinery and system now. A few of us here in New York can supply all the brains that are necessary.”

And viewed impartially, Trevor was obliged to admit the entire reasonableness of Mr. Pattison’s point of view. The matter of pledges or contracts or moral obligations was, on the whole, irrelevant.

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“ You fix it up, my boy,” Mr. Pattison concluded. “ If those men want to stay on at the new figures—well, let them. If not, we will put on some of their sub-clerks.”

And, Trevor doing as he was expected to do, the item passed off as another in the routine of a business day.

IV.

AT the day's end, and as Trevor drew down the top of his desk, he was conscious of a certain weariness of things.

He was alone.

As he arose from his chair, he walked reflectively to that window which looked out over the great buildings of the city and on toward the river and the bay. The panorama which opened before his eyes was one which always had inspired him; the great buildings, stretching out in one direction and another—stores, warehouses, offices, exchanges, banks—bespeaking the magnificence of the commerce of an imperial city; bespeaking to him also the eager, earnest, intense endeavor of great armies of workers; bespeaking the bold ambitions of strong men and their brilliant triumphs.

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And beyond the buildings were the craft of the river and the bay—these, too, the witnesses of a great commerce, and of the enterprise of single-minded, unwavering men. There was a glimpse of the great bridge also, and of the swiftly-coming and swiftly-going trains of cars.

To this scene Trevor had always looked for a renewal of zest in his doing and striving. The sense that it gave him of effort, of energy, of success, the sense which it gave him of relationship and of contest with the thousands of busy workers—all this was as the wine of new life.

But just now, while he was not altogether unresponsive to the inspiration of it, another point of view sought a place in his mind. By a singular fancy, these great buildings, hiving their thous-

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ands upon thousands of workers, suggested also myriads of cowardly transactions—like that, for example, which during the day he had been called upon himself to consummate; like those, indeed, which were of the web and woof of each day's striving, ambitious life, to the nature and significance of which, indeed, he was only now becoming awakened; the myriads of falsehoods and dishonesties, of tricks and manipulations and frauds, of treacheries and corruption, the inevitable output of that ingrained selfishness which was the central motive of it all.

Nor could the thought be denied of the effect of these things upon the lives of the actors in it; the depressing influence of them as well as the narrowing and hardening influence; the debasing consequence of the customs and practices of

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trade upon the minds and hearts of those whose lives were moulded by them.

For the moment, indeed, new as was this later conception of things, two points of view contested for the control of Trevor's mind; on the one hand, the idea of the splendor of material achievements—of great work triumphantly done; on the other, the cost of it to humanity itself; on the one side the idea of great things reared and established; on the other, of that which was the dignity, nobility, and sweetness of life, slayed in the process.

Shortly, however, the thought habitual to him resumed its ascendancy; the thought of the great buildings, as monuments of the clear-minded singleness of purpose of strong men; the thought of the craft of the river and the bay, the thought of the bridges, the railroad, in-

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deed, of all the evidences of the city's greatness, as memorials of men who moved unhesitatingly and unflinchingly to a goal kept unobscured either by the sentiments of the heart or by the moralizing of the sages; of men who, whether moved by imperious instincts or by resolute wills, were nevertheless the men for whom railroads, bridges, ships, great buildings, and the commerce in whose service these things found the reason of their being, stood as ample justification.

Of what use to speak of arbitrary actions and questionable means? Of short weights and false measures? Of injustices and manipulations? The outstanding fact was simply that the magnificence of the city, the glory of it, were memorials of these hard-headed, unswerving men against whom such charges would have to lie.

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It was, therefore, rather as a personal matter that he must come back to think of Pattison as one of these men;—that bit of a manikin, that half-snake, half-tiger sort of thing still scratching away in the adjoining room. Yet Pattison, in truth, was one of the great magnates. As witness of his power stood a vast business with its ramifications in every city of the land.

“And, yet,” thought Trevor, “one Bob Ensign were worth twenty of him. More, it were worth killing twenty Pattisons that one Bob Ensign might survive.”

With this reaction of thought, the young man passed out of the office and down into the street, to mingle there with the rushing, hurrying slaves of the grim god Trade.

It was this last reflection, however, no

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doubt, that led Trevor to speak as he did to Arnold, when, a little later, they were dining at the club.

“Men would have done better,” he said, “to have remained under the sway of the fanatics of some mediæval religion, than to have come under the dominion of the zealots of the religion of trade.”

V.

“ORGANIZED labor,” said Boyd Protheroe, “has just missed understanding what its real resources are. It has disregarded its best opportunities. It has strained itself on efforts which were foredoomed to failure. But,” he emphasized, “let organized labor once realize what its real resources are, and the capitalist’s power will be gone in a night.”

“Well,” John Trevor smiled superiorly, “and what of it?”

They were the guests of Arnold at a little dinner. The latter had invited Protheroe, because, as an unofficial labor agitator, he was also thought to be something of an entertaining talker.

“The gulf between capital and labor will be bridged in a day,” Protheroe

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continued. "It is a simple matter of business. Men endured kings for thousands of years, and then—almost between crops—started a Republic. Now, let labor—"

Trevor, however, was inclined to be bored.

"Good, of course," Trevor interrupted, "but kings were, like enough, good things. And clever fellows, too."

Then, however, he spoke more seriously.

"Capitalists," he said, "are capitalists—are the masters of labor, by force of one fundamental thing. They have the brains. They have the character."

"Some things," he continued, "are absolute. A five-foot, thin-limbed, narrow-chested, dyspeptic cannot match himself against a Sullivan or a Sandow. The issue is decided in advance. The

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one has the muscle and the strength; the other hasn't. So with labor and capital. The latter has the brains and the character (no matter if bad, it's strong). The laborer hasn't. Too bad he hasn't? Perhaps. Too bad the dyspeptic hasn't the Sandow muscles. But there you are."

"Wrong," Protheroe had replied. "It's the capitalist who is the dyspeptic, though knowing how to use his fists. The laborer is the muscular giant—but as yet beating the air. One day he will know where to strike his blows."

"Why," he went on, "there is no point whatever at which the strength of organized labor isn't greater—vastly greater—even in that point where he least expects, and his enemy least admits—the point of money."

"Capitalists secure their power and

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make their money by using money to make money and establish power. Labor uses its money for neither—depends solely on its muscle for both. But it will learn to use its money—and its muscle.

“And the capitalist adds to his money, ambition, and to his ambition, cunning, and to his cunning, unscrupulousness, and to these the love of power, and—well, do you think that these will never be aroused in the common man’s breast?”

“But,” Trevor interrupted, “this use of the laboring man’s money. What is it? Co-operation? Co-operation, the fancy of dreamers? Co-operative commonwealth? Tried—and found wanting.”

Once again Protheroe was aroused.

“There is,” he said, “co-operation

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and co-operation. There is, perhaps, a co-operation that begins in the spirit of Apostles' Creeds and hymns, and winds up its solemn business with a penitential prayer or a church row. There is—there might be—a co-operation that would begin in the spirit of a modern commercial pirate and that would arrive at a pretty climax of rule or ruin. And there is—there might be—”

“At any rate,” Trevor replied, a little wearily, “at any rate, it is a something we’ll meet when we get to it.”

And so the talk had run on to its end.

Sunday morning, however, impressions from that dinner came back to Trevor’s mind with a certain new meaning and with something of a large significance—the more so, perhaps, in light of a step he was about to take in his own life. Dragging himself from bed to

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bath, from bath to easy chair and to lazy glances at books, and magazines and papers, impressions from that dinner did persistently obtrude themselves upon his mind.

Later in the day as well. Matters of his own to which he was about to attend were delayed while he rehearsed new ideas and weighed them and pondered them. Breaking in on other thoughts were impressions of what Protheroe had said; impressions, too, of the simple figure of the man himself. "Surprising," Trevor thought, "in not having been so surprising as one expected.

"And, indeed," his reflections continued, "the most surprising thing now-a-days is that we are all so much alike. Come from whatever quarter one will, from any grade of social life, practice

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whatever vocation, preach whatever doctrine, or profess whatever view. Not a bad chap at all."

At last, however, he brought himself to the writing of an important letter.

"MR. J. H. PATTISON, President,
New York.

"Dear Mr. Pattison," so he began. And then he paused.

"But why the deuce?"

By now he was stretched on a couch. The insistence with which these speculations in regard to the problems of labor forced themselves on his mind surprised him exceedingly.

"Well," he said, finally, "deuce take the laboring man—and the corporations, too."

He resumed his letter.

"DEAR MR. PATTISON:—

"I herewith resign the position I have held in your employ.

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“ Permit me to take the occasion to thank you for the consideration with which you have treated me while I have been in your service.

“ Yours very truly,

“ JOHN TREVOR.”

He sealed the letter.

“ And,” he reflected, “ so ends nine years. But—

“ Well, at any rate, I have fifty thousand put by—not every one has that.”

Organization

ORGANIZATION.

VI.

ON a hot morning of the late summer, coming from no one quite knew where, there alighted at the grimy railroad station of Barton, a man whose singularly serious face attracted immediate attention. He had come unheralded. He was alone—carrying a light grip-sack in one hand and an umbrella in the other.

The advent of this man, however, was significant. The echo of his step reverberated, as it were, through valleys and over hills, miles to the south and longer miles to the north. The little city itself was suddenly lifted from its

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natural obscurity to broad and general importance, by reason of what this man's coming meant.

A few hours after his arrival this stranger was lodged in small, meagerly furnished rooms in a third-rate hotel. And there, very shortly, he was surrounded by a group—or to be exact, various changing groups—of men, of illiterate men, who, between quaffs of beer and puffs of smoke, told him in tones now pitiful, now sullen, now savage, of grievances, of injustices, of sufferings.

The talks and discussions that followed were sharp and anxious. And in them the assumption was made, that this man could avenge the injustices and alleviate the sufferings. And now in one way, and now in another, he was invited, and urged, and implored to undertake the task.

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At the day's end, this man, through the public press, gave to the world an announcement—in three dozen words. With the announcement there crept into the hearts of two million peaceful people a pervading sense of dread, of anxiety, of fear. A great region was at once awakened and awed.

Indeed, a vast territory, but a moment before peaceful in the innumerable activities which its thriving industries afforded, began now to revolve about that little spot in the third-rate hotel, and its people to find in this lone man, in the dimly-lighted rooms, the centre of their solemn interest.

Pendleton, of course, had come into Barton (and into that Peranian mining region, of which Barton was one of the minor cities) with certain reputation, and with prestige of things masterfully

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done. The announcement which the press made public was the warning that here in Perania, now, armies of men were to be organized in assertion of rights denied, and a great mass of laboring men to be aroused in grim contest for better share of the earth's blessings—even as this man had aroused men, and organized men, and led them on, elsewhere.

A spreading anxiety, a deepening fear, was natural. The peace and prosperity, the life indeed, of the two millions of people which comprised the population of Perania were now involved in what this man might do. And though editors, lawyers, preachers, more than all else, merchants, came forth to denounce the man and to declare the movement with which he threatened the region an impending

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calamity, yet the conviction spread that what Pendleton undertook was certain to move forward forcefully and inexorably to some conclusive end. That was the conviction imposed by knowledge of what he had done elsewhere; by the knowledge of phalanxes in other regions which he had led out boldly and triumphantly against the masters of industrial enterprise.

The purpose which had brought Pendleton into Perania was in its last analysis quite his own. Not perhaps that it was his own in the sense of working for any personal aggrandizement or power. Rather, his deepest conviction was, that thousands of men suffering under injustice and tyranny, suffering under poverty and weakness too grievous to resist injustice and tyranny, suffering even as he himself had suffered,

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were now to be alleviated by what he should do; were to be relieved and benefited, even though they themselves should prefer that no effort be made in their behalf, even though they were themselves too timid or too cautious to risk a disturbance of the conditions which were established.

But it was a purpose which was born not from some prudent investigations of conditions, or wise balancings of reasons, but of the experiences of Pendleton's own life, and of the beatings of his own heart; a heart kept resolute almost to the point of ferocity, because of scarred years; years of his own boyhood and young manhood; years damned in part by grinding toil, but still more by blighting, irrevocable, irredeemable injustice.

Pendleton had come to Barton itself

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because in their difficulties just then these Barton miners needed counsel and guidance. He knew that he would be welcome. They needed also a spokesman, a leader, and Pendleton supplied himself for the function. Nevertheless the difficulties over which the miners of Barton were disturbed constituted but a local and, relatively, but a trifling affair.

That larger purpose which was to involve all of Perania originated with Pendleton alone. Barton was but the base for his larger operations.

And Pendleton had formed his own plans for carrying his purpose into action.

The Peranian mining region, in the popular mind, was divided into two sections; the southern section on the one hand, the northern on the other. Be-

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tween the two sections there were in the character of the people, their race and their temperament, and in their material conditions, marked differences. Pendleton knew what these differences were.

The people of the north were conservative; those of the south were temperamentally restless. The people of the north were cautious; those of the south, impulsive. The people of the north were to a prevailing degree men who had stakes in the ground—homes, families; they were real parts of the life of their communities. The people of the south had suffered most from poverty.

In the northern section, therefore, Pendleton had seen that the obstacles that would be interposed to his purpose would be many, the difficulties to be

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overcome great. In the southern section, on the other hand, he might fairly rely on a quick response to his appeals. The people there would yield themselves most quickly to the command of a self-constituted leader.

Pendleton thus had hit upon Barton as a city in the southern section with something of the strategy of a general. And in his plans, his advance from that city onward was outlined with a skill not unlike that with which a Napoleon might pick his course from Elb to Paris. It was to be an advance whose accumulating momentum was to be the lever through which to arouse those farther on; from Barton to Everdale, where there were feelings that might easily be fanned into flame; from Everdale to Heberton, where old irritations might be reawakened. And so on. In its last

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stage it was to be a southern section aroused and organized, going into the north to persuade or to demand, as the case might require—to encourage or to intimidate; to enlist or to coerce.

The speed with which he got his purpose into action justified that title to reputation which had been given to him. It was on a Sunday evening that he had appeared before the public as the spokesman of the Barton miners. By the Tuesday following there were added to Barton the miners of eight towns in the surrounding country, and a new organization of workers had been well launched. Everdale and Heberton fell readily into line. Twenty-four hours later a dozen more towns had added themselves to the movement. On the day following, Pendleton visited the cities of Berea and Abington. Ad-

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dressing meetings of thousands of men, he awakened a sense of rights to be won, even where no sense had been of rights withheld, and of grievances to be adjusted where no sense had been of injustice endured.

Those critics who had attributed to Pendleton a remarkable gift of speech had not erred. His eloquence was his power. In city and town and village he had but to appear and to speak. Great lists of names were added to swell the movement which his purpose alone had determined. In ten days the aggressive assertion of his single mind had aroused and organized near an hundred thousand men. The preparation for a great industrial battle was well advanced.

But thus far Pendleton's work had not extended beyond the southern sec-

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tion. During the days of his successful work there, the miners of the north had maintained an apparent indifference to the things which were being done in the south, which had surprised even Pendleton himself—clear as his foresight had been. The northern section was still to be reckoned with. This, indeed, was the beginning of his real battle.

VII.

SOME warnings that a definite opposition to his work existed in the north, Pendleton had received. Later there came a report from one of his lieutenants—a report to the effect that the opposition was strongly organized.

“The men here,” the report read, “have strong organizations. Nevertheless, they are not going to be with us. They are opposed to us, and are going to fight.”

“They *must* join us,” Pendleton had said.

Just as he was ready to go up to Hampton, however, and there open his northern campaign, a letter reached him. This letter gave cause for deep thought.

“There are more ways than one of

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fighting a battle," the letter read, "but whatever the way in which one chooses to fight, it is wise that one should be thoroughly prepared.

"And now, both because we doubt that you have taken the way which is right for fighting this battle, and because in any case we are sure that there are preparations that should be made which you have neglected to make, some of us are going to oppose your movement. In view of this, we submit for your consideration certain facts.

"A careful estimate shows that the strike which you now propose will cost the men of the region in lost wages and otherwise twenty millions of dollars—possibly more, possibly less. Previous battles of the same kind have cost a good deal more.

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“In case you won no concession from the operators—which is at least a possible outcome of the situation—these millions would be a total loss; a loss which the men not only can not afford to lose, but, in our judgment, can not afford to take the risk of losing.

“On the other hand, in case your strike were successful—even as successful as any one could hope for—we estimate that the most favorable results therefrom would be a ten per cent. increase in wages.”

“As the results of strikes go we admit that this would be a very considerable achievement. Nevertheless—and this is the real point of our objection to your movement—even a ten per cent. wage increase (as the best possible return from a strike) will in

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no degree compensate for the investment of twenty millions of dollars, which is the estimated outlay that the strike would involve.

“ That is to say, therefore, that the best return that is possible from any strike, as strikes are now conducted, in no degree equals the cost of winning it. That this may be quite clear we append a few figures, in considering which it must be remembered that even under the most favorable conditions the men do not work full time, and that it is therefore proper to make a deduction of twenty per cent. on that account.”

POSSIBLE PROFIT FROM STRIKE.

Wages of 175,000 men for
two years, \$134,000,000; ten
per cent. of which (wage
increase) \$13,400,000

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Less deduction for time lost in idleness (approximately 20 per cent.)	2,700,000
	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>
Gain in two years	\$10,700,000

MINIMUM COST OF STRIKE.

Lost wages of 175,000 men for three months	\$16,800,000
Money (contributions) spent for support of men, 12 weeks	5,000,000
	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>
Total cost	\$21,800,000
Private funds spent during idleness	? ? ?

RECAPITULATION.

Investment in strike	\$21,800,000
Return in two years	10,700,000
	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>
Direct loss on investment . . .	11,800,000
Interest on money	? ? ?
Debts contracted	? ? ?

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“It will be seen that the result figures out something like this: that we would pay out in lost wages, etc., about twenty millions of dollars, and would gradually get back over a period of two years, in the form of a wage increase, twelve millions at the utmost, likely ten millions, possibly less. We invest twenty millions; we get back half of the principal. We make an investment of money practically in hand; the moiety that comes back to us is not for two years. That is bad business.

“Or, put it this way: Under the favorable circumstances of a victory, while we seem to gain, even then in reality we lose. The gain through a strike does not balance the cost of winning it—even if we do win it. While all the time the risk hangs over us of a defeat and of a total loss of money.

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“ This is significant and suggestive. It *signifies* that the men of the region can afford twenty millions in a battle for their rights. It *suggests* that there must be better ways of employing twenty millions of dollars than in the hazardous enterprise of a strike. And, in our opinion, the present conditions suggest as the right line of effort on the part of the leaders of organized labor, the massing of a permanent capital—a capital of dignified dimensions: suggest thereafter the putting of that capital itself to work as an instrument of advantage to the men: and of starting it forth on that march of increase and growth and power which great aggregations of capital alone command.

“ The fact is,” the letter concluded, “ that in these days in which the supreme power in all affairs is Capital—

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great sums of money massed and used as the instrument to wrest and compel advantages—capital is the one thing which organized labor has neglected to bring to its service. Until efforts to this end have been made, we oppose any movement that involves the waste and loss of money.”

Pendleton pondered this letter long. The advantage of a great capital to facilitate the battles of labor was, of course, self-evident. The vision of a great organization of labor's forces reaching forth for many and various advantages, with a large and permanent capital as its instrument, found a momentary lodgment even in Pendleton's mind. There were here, no doubt, vast possibilities.

Then, however, the weight of the traditions and policies that had hereto-

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fore governed in all the circles of labor, resumed its sway. Pendleton's jaws set tight.

“Nonsense,” he said.

Two days later he went up to Hampton and opened his northern campaign in a great meeting on Hampton Fields.

No one who listened to the speech that Pendleton made that day, ever spoke of it as other than great and powerful. Its eloquent directness, the breadth of underlying principles which it unfolded, the simple force with which the vast array of the ugly facts of industrial despotism were marshalled, and the power with which the appeal was made to the fundamental hopes and aspirations of the heart—all this was essentially convincing.

And yet, contrasting sharply with his success in the south, the appeal that

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he now made was utterly ineffective. Save only as a few men were carried out of themselves, the response was scarcely more than silence. Not unnaturally Pendleton was seriously disturbed.

As the great crowds were moving away, the southern leader was approached by a man dressed in miner's clothes, with a face of peculiar eagerness.

"Do you know," the man asked, "do you know who's blocking your game? There's the man," he continued, "the good-looking fellow."

He directed Pendleton's eye to a young-looking man of forceful figure, who stood a little off.

"He's the man," the stranger added. "The little fellow. He's the man what's beating you. He's playing a game of his own."

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“He’s not a miner,” said Pendleton.

“But he is, though,” the stranger stoutly replied.

“He’s *not* a miner,” Pendleton repeated, now, almost savagely.

“Anyhow,” said the other, “he’s a mine leader. He’s the biggest of the lot.”

“What’s his name?” Pendleton demanded.

“Trevor,” was the reply, “John Trevor.”

VIII.

THE two men who were now to oppose each other, who, indeed, at the head of rival organizations were to contend for the control of industrial Perania, were, in the traits of their character, striking contrasts. As a labor leader, Trevor, in his methods thus far, had been seemingly casual.

His very coming into the Peranian region, indeed, had had that casual quality in it so much that even those who now knew him best, could not have told whether it were six months or twelve since he had begun to drop into the irregular meetings of the then run-down local union.

So casual also had been his exchange of greeting, or of comment, or of genial word, with the men whom he had met,

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that that great number who now regarded him with keen, almost passionate friendliness, could not have said, even approximately, when it was that they had first met him.

And so, indeed, had that casualness of his coming and going continued, that only a chosen few had realized that his was any important part in that process of strengthening the organized interests of the northern section miners, which, shortly after his advent, had begun; fewer still, that that part which was his, was that at once of initiation, of guidance and domination.

A word here and a smile there—that was Trevor. A chat in the corner with a dozen or more under the guise of stories and beer; an occasional motion made from the benches, with the tersest word of explanation or comment; a

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still rarer five minute speech from the platform, half of which was jest or humor; or, toward the last, a friendly group now and then taken down to those bachelor rooms of his—this was the manner of Trevor's activity in Hampton and in the adjacent cities and towns.

And as none more or greater than such as this casual activity implied, had he for a long time stood in the estimate and thought of the great majority of the Peranian miners, among whom he had lived and moved. To that wider public, which knew of mines and mine unions only as disagreeable phases of the general life, his name was not so much as a string of letters.

Yet, back of the manner of Trevor's activity, there had been personality; and, guiding what he said and did, there

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had been a subtle mind and a strong will. And, in truth, such was the choice of the word passed, the timely use of the smile or greetings, the careful pertinence of the motion made or speech uttered; and such, also, the force and the attractiveness of the character back of them all, that there was scarce a man who would not have trusted Jack Trevor with his last dollar, or helped him with his last breath; more to the point, perhaps, there was hardly a word that Jack Trevor said which was not speedily endorsed, or an action which he undertook which was without the response of general aid.

Earlier, very surely, Trevor had been just exceptional enough to have been talked of; perhaps, at first, to have been a little suspiciously regarded. "Something in the looks of him a cut above

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the miner," it had been said. And then, too, something in the bearing—at once a little undefined flavor of kindness rather than geniality, and of separate-standing individuality rather than easily-mingling fraternity; and a manner a little too formal and a little too gracious; rather more of courtesy than was called for in the every day touch with fellow workers.

But as, on the one side, Trevor adjusted himself the more to them, and on the other, the miners accustomed themselves the more to him, this attention became less marked. That remaining, which still made him distinct, was accounted for variously—but always satisfactorily. A favorite theory was to assign him an English birth, and well-to-do parentage, and misfortune; a theory never thoroughly rebutted for, of himself, Trevor never spoke.

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Even that view of him which came when later some of the miners went down to his rooms, and which, for a time, renewed discussion of him—that, too, soon passed into the current of accepted things. This was the view of that Trevor who sat of evenings at his own large, square table-desk, piled high with books, in a room whose walls, when not preempted by bookcases, were lined with portraits of famous men and with etchings; of the Trevor whose beds were of brass and whose bath was of porcelain, and whose carpets and chairs and furnishings generally, were of such luxurious comfort—despite the fact that the house in which his rooms were, except for height and breadth, was scarce above the average quality of that poor part of the city where the laboring population lived; of the Trevor whose ci-

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gars and tobacco, liberally passed about, were of the best, and who, on occasion, opened bottles of rare wine.

Even this view of Trevor was very soon a part of the accepted things. And Trevor, himself, continued to move about with the same air of casual good-fellowship, and the same general estimation of trust and regard and popularity.

Thus it was in a very casual manner that Trevor had played his part so far in Hampton. If to his eye had come sight of the miseries and the sufferings and the poverty which formed the burden of the great speeches of Richard Pendleton, Trevor's voice, at any rate, had never admitted it. Or if in his mind, there had been the consciousness of injustices and wrongs and tyrannies on the part of operators; of grievances

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on the part of miners; of rights denied, of privileges and opportunities brutally withheld, as in Pendleton's fervently uttered thought there certainly were, then, at least Trevor's lips had never opened to communicate his belief to others. No speech of his or passing word had ever glanced more than casually at those grave things which were the deep disturbance of the miner's hearts.

And yet, though working thus quietly, Trevor's purpose had been clear cut. Though he had held no office, and though until now he had not been recognized as a leader, yet everywhere the results of his strong work were in evidence.

There was no local union in the Northern section, in fact, that had not been changed, reorganized, strength-

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ened, solidified, by the pervading influence of Trevor's ideas and the direction and control of his masterly hand.

It was a process of building up, of preparation; working quietly, circuitously, even stealthily, Trevor's word went forth and it became life; or, sometimes, heavy pressure was suddenly concentrated, and a thing indifferently heeded, or even deliberately fought, became securely established.

All along the line, the process was patiently, laboriously continued. Old organizations were revolutionized; new ones were launched; all of them were solidified.

Sustaining the process, of course, the guiding thought was kept alive of a great battle ahead for men's rights; yet accompanying this thought, the constraining one of a battle then, only, when

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the men were rightly prepared, and when they were intrenched in positions impregnably strong.

At the juncture to which affairs had now come, this strengthening process disclosed itself along two definite lines; that of organization as such, and that of a system of finances.

The organizing process had unfolded as if it had been modeled after some legion of old; or perhaps, after some highly effective political machine.

It was an organization (though the terms were not used) into brigade and regiment and company; its general for every district, its captain for every hundred, its lieutenant for every fifty.

And through this there had grown in remarkable degree a wide sense of each one's individual part in the great thing—and each one's responsibility.

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Through it, also, the closest knowledge of the opinions prevailing, and feelings and sympathy; and the readiest means of keeping sympathy and feeling and opinion one, and making action one as well.

“ You can move a crowd to act as one man, once;” Trevor had said, “ you can move an army always.”

Or looked at not so much as an army but as a fraternal organization, the improvement showed itself in the increased intelligence and efficiency of what was done at their assemblages. The interest in the material conditions of each member grew, stimulating to the moral force of all concerned. An increasing confidence also in the aims which the organization set for itself matured. And the spirit of privacy, even secrecy, in all that was done grew

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apace. "The advantage of masonic secrecy," in fact, was carefully inculcated.

This system of organization was the means through which the system of finances which now prevailed had been possible. It was a financial system whose moving idea was that of getting capital ahead, of making assessments while earnings were good, in contrast to the custom of coming to an industrial battle with an empty treasury and depending on the money that might be begged from workers elsewhere.

A strain of fascinating mystery always characterized the ideas which Trevor set afloat; and this was not absent from his methods in finance, and in sustaining continued regularity in collections. The thought that acted as the chief lever was, of course, that of a

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great battle ahead for men's rights. Yet, rising above that idea, the larger one of being strongly prepared for battle; of being strong as that class who were the enemy, were strong—strong in money, in capital, and in the independence and power which capital implied.

At the time, therefore, that Richard Pendleton gave warning at Barton as to what the miners of Perania might expect, these men of the Northern section had turned spontaneously to John Trevor as their natural leader. And now that Pendleton had come into the north, he found himself facing a rival, who had back of him an organization whose strength was greater than anyone, save that leader himself, yet knew.

IX.

PENDLETON lost no time in seeking Trevor.

The set back on Hampton Fields, and the forces which caused it, were things which must be promptly faced.

Nor could any method of doing so be so direct as a meeting with the man who was the leader of the opposing forces, and of whom Pendleton now began to hear on every side.

To seek Trevor in these days was, however, one thing; to find him—unless you happened to be very humble and necessitous—was quite another. And it happened in Pendleton's case—important factor though he was in the stirring affairs that were agitating the world of the mines and miners—that twenty-four hours were to elapse before

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he could bring about the meeting and the discussion which he sought.

Meanwhile, however, this time of waiting was to have its significant meaning—was to be, for Pendleton, a period full of surprises and of singular revelations.

Many things of which he had remained until now in ignorance, were in diverse ways to be brought to his attention. And of these many things, some of them were seriously to disturb the confidence and the determination with which he had thus far fought his battle.

Hints came to him freely; statements also concerning matters that were vital; and in addition there were rumors in the air—many rumors. That which came to Pendleton in these hours abruptly opened for him a new level upon which thinking was to be done.

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The hints that came were certainly vague enough; the statements, guardedly veiled in some cases, and manifestly exaggerated in others, were, at times, glaringly inconsistent. Nevertheless—and with more immediate effect upon himself than he liked to admit—Pendleton, through these things, was made aware of a point of view from which movements in this world of labor's affairs might be judged, of which he, heretofore, had had not the least conception. More, there were, apparently, ends to contemplate, and possibilities to entertain, and ambitions to dare, which had never come within the range of his plans or his calculations.

There was, besides, it would seem, a method of grasping the problem of labor's difficulties, by comparison with which, the methods which had been so

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long in practice, and of which he himself now stood forth as the chief advocate, might well seem crude and feeble and ineffective.

Into this atmosphere of the northern region there had come, indeed, a certain governing sense of great things to be—and of bold and determined methods, through which these great things were to be made to be. Ambition had struck a high and determined note. Even as there was at this time in the country as a whole, a reawakening to the marvelous wealth which was within the reach of those who should stretch forth their hands to get it—even as everywhere there were new evidences of the vast material prosperity which awaited those who might determinedly grasp it—so among these men there had dawned a belief that of this great material

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wealth which the country boasted, they might plan to gain their own large, and ever larger, share.

It was a belief in larger ambitions and of wider possibilities. That, at least, was the aspect of the matter that was presented to Pendleton when his information came from those who were the more staid and conservative of the members of the northern unions.

There were men of another class whose words struck more sharply still; men who discussed the injustices which they suffered no longer with hopelessness, but in hard voices asserted that these injustices were to be sharply corrected—and that, not by pleading, but by power; men who discussed the fabulous gains that were accruing to the dominating few, no longer in sullen anger, but with faith that these gains

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were to be divided; men who spoke of the giant strength of the great corporations which ruled, no longer in the spirit of helplessness, but with sturdy confidence that organizations would arise through which a juster division of advantages would be made secure; men—representatives of the vast mass of men as they were—who talked stoutly in key with the idea that it was only necessary for any body of the people as a whole to be awakened, to bring to pass that which they were determined should be brought to pass. Everywhere, indeed, men—men whom Pendleton had known heretofore as patient bearers of hardships, as submissive acceptors of conditions that existed—were now manifesting the spirit of bold ambitions, and of the greater things on which eyes were resolutely fastened.

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Nor was this pervading spirit related to matters pitched forward into a distant future. Rather it arose in a sense of great things already in the process of unfolding. The men whom Pendleton met, pointed to that which had already been done; to capital that had been raised; a million of dollars, which by shrewd investment had become two; to an organization, also, which already was compact as an army and solid as a bank.

As gathering in these wide ambitions, there was the idea of an organization—an organization not dissimilar, indeed, in its beginning from many others, but emphasizing its new character and its greater place by the magnitude of its aims and the breadth of its methods and its activities; an organization whose foundations should be deep and

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sound; whose purposes should be comprehensive; whose strength should match itself against those great institutions of finance and commerce which so long had held the richness of the country in their dominating grip; an organization whose arms would reach forth in masterly control of many channels of profit, which erstwhile had been a direct tax on the great army of the world's toilers, and whose power might command with as much freedom and as much justice as the power of other corporations had commanded, and dictate, even as the power of the few had dictated for long.

It was far from the nature of Pen-
dleton to give undue weight to vague
statements or to wild rumors. He had
long been accustomed also to "big talk,"
and accustomed as well to brush it vig-

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orously aside when its tendency was to obscure a clear line of practical action. And as, just now, the whole passionate determination of his nature was absorbed singly in the very definite business of an immediate strike, more than ever would he have made short work of this singular talk that came to him, if that had been possible. Very clearly, however, it was to the sway which these new ideas had obtained that the progress of Pendleton's own movement had been so abruptly arrested. This was a practical fact—and an obstinate one. And these ideas still formed the barrier to that advancement which he had yet to work out. If for no other reason than this, these were matters, therefore, with which Pendleton must reckon, and with which he must deal wisely and carefully. Moreover, the

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words of these many men with whom he came in contact were too solidly put. They were too thoroughly representative of strong wills and of vigorous faiths.

Yet of greater significance than the sway of these ideas as such, was the figure of the man with whom these ideas originated, and from whom they derived their authoritative value—a man who stood, now, somewhat mysteriously apart, working through machinery very perfectly adapted to his work, and with knowledge at his hand to the very smallest detail of everything that pertained to mines and miners, to mining operations or operators; a man, who, issuing orders, effecting changes, commanding every obedience, and every confidence, was a governing force, within his own province, of little less than

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absolute power; a man with limitless ambitions, and with strength well matched to the boldness of his plans.

Strive against it as he might, this figure—seen through the eyes of these men, to whom it was as that of the magic creator of a new order of things—assumed, even to Pendleton's mind, dimensions of a strangely impressive character.

Shortly, however, Pendleton essayed to gather himself together anew—subordinating these new things as best he might. His belief in the opportunity that lay in the immediate strike was too strong to be easily dislodged. And there was the further fact that such prominence and power as he was himself to retain, would depend upon the success of those plans for which he was the sponsor.

X.

At the Hampton head-quarters the days were busy ones. Trevor's rooms—extended now to include the floor above—were constantly filled with men. And of these men none lacked long for tasks with which to be occupied.

In the rooms on the upper floor—which had taken on the aspect of a suite of commercial offices—young men were bending over invoices, bills of lading, and other documents of a like kind.

Below, men of a different type waited their turn for a talk with the new leader, received their orders, and went forth in the execution of them.

In the room apart, Trevor himself, in a turning chair behind the large, square, flat-topped desk, sat and worked and planned.

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It was into this latter room that Pendleton in due time was ushered.

He came in aggressively. Something, however, in Trevor's greeting—a gracious warmth in the manner, an honest frankness in the piercing eye—disarmed the spirit of antagonism at once. This was not the manner of man, Pendleton found himself thinking, whom he had expected to find. There was nothing here, indeed, that quite answered either to the ideas which he had himself formed of his rival or to the notions of him that were imparted by the talk that circulated in Hampton. Pendleton's chief thought, for the moment, was that here was a man with whom he would choose to be on terms of closest friendship.

And yet a moment more, and Trevor's sharp turn to business warned Pendle-

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ton that here, nevertheless, was one who would always move quickly to the place of command. Here, indeed, was an eye that swept the field of affairs at a glance, and, from the mass of things, disentangled that one thing that was best, and seized it. Pendleton found himself reflecting that this man was one who knew what he wanted; admitting also, involuntarily, that he was bound to get it.

“The strike cannot go on,” Trevor said, abruptly.

Against the finality in the voice, Pendleton, with a certain reawakening anger, found himself struggling half-hopelessly.

“It must,” he managed to reply.

“No,” said Trevor.

“Why?” Pendleton asked, rather blindly.

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“Because,” Trevor replied,” “we want that twenty millions of dollars.”

“Twenty millions?”

This directness was more than Pendleton was prepared for. A strike, indeed, would cost twenty millions—likely—might, indeed, cost much more. But—

He fell back involuntarily on the phrases which he had earlier rehearsed.

“The opportunity of a generation,” he said, “lies in a strike at the present juncture of affairs.”

And then Pendleton hurried into a statement of what his meaning was. He set forth the position of the operators in relation to the markets and the profits thereof; his idea of the position of the public in relation to the operators, and, especially, to the miners; the advantageous position of the miners

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with relation to the operators, with relation to the public, and with relation to the politicians of the country. He spoke rapidly as if under fear that some remark of Trevor's would demolish his argument even before it had been expressed.

"We have the operators," he continued, "just where we want them."

"First," said Trevor, quietly, "we must organize."

"Organize?" Pendleton demanded, "We are organized."

Trevor threw back his head.

"Not the clumsily related mass of men that you have brought together," he laughed.

"My organization," said Pendleton, hotly, "will answer every purpose that we can aim at."

"Not at all," Trevor replied.

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“ We are organized,” Pendleton persisted, doggedly.

Trevor paused. In the very pause there was that which caused Pendleton to feel the weakness in his own position; the weakness in the cause for which he stood.

“ Our foundations,” said Trevor, “ must be solid.

“ Your sort of organization,” he went on, speaking in slow, even tones, “ is only a striking mob; a ragged, beggarly, striking mob; resourceless, unstable; at best, winning victories by a chance, and then only at a cost which is far greater than the return; otherwise, easily whipped—starved into submission or ruin. That is *not*—organization.”

There was a significance in the manner in which the words were uttered that exceeded the significance in the words themselves.

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And though Pendleton was conscious of an injustice even in the words—and still more in that which the manner implied, though he was conscious that his organization would compare not unfavorably with the best organizations of labor in the country, yet here and now, confronting this man who spoke with such finality, he was aware of a strange feeling of guilt and responsibility for the facts which were so conclusively stated.

A gesture of Trevor's hand summoned before his mind a picture of starving women and children; of angry, sullen men demanding bread; of prostrated towns and cities; of thereafter, a long period of wretched effort to recover lost ground.

“ You forget,” he managed to say at last, “ you forget the public sympathy

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that will now be back of us—the force of a public opinion aroused in our favor. Look at that list,” he added.

Pendleton took from his pocket a formidable looking paper. It was a long list of claims and grievances—a bewildering list; claims for larger pay and for shorter hours; claims on account of docking and of weight; claims on powder charge—and, indeed, a full dozen other things.

Trevor’s glance was mildly sarcastic.

“How many of these things do you expect to win out on?” he asked.

“Something on each one—likely.” There was lameness in Pendleton’s tones.

“The thing is,” he added, more energetically, “it will arouse public opinion—put public opinion back of us.”

Trevor sat down sharply.

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“Look here,” he said. His tone implied that mere discussion had gone about as far as was profitable.

“Public opinion? It’s worthless. Things worth doing are done despite public opinion, not because of it. When public opinion approves—that’s because the thing is established and is commonplace. What we are to have now is an organization—with power. And as its basis—a capital of forty to fifty millions.”

Pendleton gasped.

“Forty to fifty millions!” he exclaimed.

Whether it was the sum of money or whether it was the authoritative voice of Trevor, he felt that he was losing his bearings. It was with some difficulty that he retained hold of that point of view which was his own.

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“Forty millions out of this lot of struggling miners?” he said.

“You,” Trevor replied, sharply, “would waste half of that on this strike. As much again on the next—and on the next.”

“No,” said Pendleton, “not waste it.”

“Spend it, then—if you prefer.”

But Pendleton was finding himself. “And to good purpose,” he said. “Every sacrifice made puts the scale of wages—”

“Higher?” Trevor rising, interrupted.

“Yes. You get fifty cents added to the scale of wages and are proud—not seeing that you spend one dollar to get it. It will be to the point to handle the dollar so that it will become two; the two so that they will grow into four.

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Then—we'll make the scale of wages—what is right.

“Here,” he proceeded, sharply. He sat down and wrote a few figures and their explanations. The memorandum he handed to Pendleton. “There's our forty millions,” he said.

And as Pendleton studied the figures they seemed, indeed, simple enough.

“But—” Pendleton began.

“These other claims of yours,” Trevor said, “we'll settle on our own motion.”

Yet understanding came to Pendleton but slowly. Not at once was he to admit, even with Trevor standing over him, even with the many things which in the previous twenty-four hours he had heard, still present to his mind—not at once was he to admit that the

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organization which he had led, had failed so lamentably; nor, at once, was he to grasp the fact that the organization had wasted millions on millions of money.

And even if this were all true, it still remained necessary for him to understand how it was proposed for the future to get hold of the millions that were ordinarily spent—or wasted—so that they might be available as a capital fund, and how, especially, these millions, so capitalized, could be used to better advantage.

“It’s impossible,” he said.

Quickly then Trevor drew from a corner of a wide desk an array of neatly prepared memorandums; memorandums showing the losses which previous strikes had involved—the figures in retrospect, running up into startling

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amounts; memorandums summarizing the history of strikes, not only among the Peranian miners but elsewhere as well, and in which were tabulated on the debit side, the amounts which were lost in wages, the much smaller but still formidable sums which were directly spent in costs and expenses; and, on the credit side, the relatively small amounts which those gains in wages figured up, where alleged or nominal victories had been won.

Pendleton here, indeed, would have paused for argument; paused to point out that apart from any directly calculable gains which organized labor had made, apart from results which were reducible to figures, there were moral effects to be reckoned with, which organization and agitation had brought to pass.

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But Trevor, fluent, even voluble when he chose, as on the other side, when the occasion called for it, he was calm and deliberate, hurried on. The matter, he said, was, and must be, strictly one of figures; of dollars and cents; of definitely calculable gains. Not otherwise was a business matter ever to be reckoned with.

Then followed further memorandums; memorandums showing the power implied by the massing of sums such as had been spent, and not less, the power which in time would come to other and associated organizations of labor as well as to the organization of Peranian miners itself; the power which the associated organizations of labor could array against the powers of finance, and commerce, and corporation, which now were on trial: memoran-

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dums also indicating the lines of possible investment and employment of these sums—and the profits to be thereby gained; and memorandums showing the probable dimensions to which these sums, once massed, would with certainty grow.

The figures, by the very bigness which attached to them, were such inevitably as stirred the imagination. With the indisputable veracity that appeared now to lay in them, they were such also as must grip the thought. Pendleton was forced to carefully consider.

And standing before him was this man to whom all these figures, which to Pendleton himself, after all, served chiefly to recall the bitterness of desperate struggles, the disappointments and humiliations which alone had resulted from valiantly fought battles,

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and the futile courage of thousands upon thousands of brave comrades who had met crushing defeats—standing before him was this man to whom these figures implied only a calculated and calculable business transaction—who, cool and hard, was figuring to manipulate a great “deal;” who had before handled transactions in which vast sums of money were involved, and was as ready to handle them again—handle them as well under one set of conditions as another.

There were, of course, questions which Pendleton was bound to put, objections which he was moved to make. But an objection was scarcely advanced than out of the clear horizon of Trevor’s plans the objection melted away into the pit of weak and cowardly things; nor a question asked, than out of the il-

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limitable resources of facts at Trevor's command, it was overwhelmed.

And as, from time to time, Pendleton recurred to that idea which had dominated him, of the opportunity which the time offered for a successful strike, Trevor's words became conclusive, final.

"The organization first," he commanded.

At last Trevor extended his hand and rose. While Pendleton, conscious that the strength which had seemed to inhere in his own cause, seemed now to be lost, found himself ushered to the door.

"Think it over," Trevor said.

XI.

THOSE three upper rooms at the Trevor head-quarters, so much like the office of a large mercantile establishment, had their definite place in the plans that were now under way.

Earlier, when Trevor was newly come to the Peranian regions, he had observed the rude, shack-like buildings, constructed on cheap and otherwise useless land, in which the business was conducted of many of those "Company" stores, in which the miners had for a long time been compelled to trade—infamously managed businesses, it was said, in which these miners had been coerced by their employers into payment of outrageous prices for inferior supplies, and into which each month the miner's wage was swallowed

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whole; while still, besides, the club of balance unpaid hung over their restless heads.

Trevor had been quick to probe such a business as this to its bottom; quick to understand its character and its relationship to the miners of the region. He had discovered the large margin which the business afforded, the immense profits which it yielded. Nor, when he had learned that which was to be learned, was he in the least surprised that the "coal barons" had millions to their credit, and that they lived in palatial homes. He was quick also to understand the very simple basis on which the business had been conducted; the slight cost for the operation of the stores, the cheap clerk service, the assured trade, the single management.

The ease with which the business was

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conducted, the assured custom which was commanded, and the slight costs of handling it, were facts that sunk deeply in his mind. His reflections here, led him later to a thought of the relative ease with which the profits of this extensive business might be transferred from the pockets of the operators to the pockets of the miners themselves. Theirs the trade was—themselves, indeed, should control that trade, and derive the advantages that were incident thereto. Nor was there a reason in sense, or in justice, or in expediency, why these thousands and tens of thousands of miners—these nearly two hundred thousand of miners and their families—should pay on the necessities of life which they consumed, this yearly tax of millions of money. Rather there was every reason why these millions

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should annually be so reclaimed and restored, as to ease the hardships of the men and to improve their conditions in life. In Trevor's mind the resolution was born that the millions, which this business represented, should sometime accrue to the benefit of the miner himself.

The time had now come when that resolution was to be carried into effect. The commercial invoices over which the young men in Trevor's upper rooms were bending, covered vast quantities of merchandise which had been shipped by various manufacturers and producers. The bills of lading covering these shipments showed that the merchandise had been consigned to some half dozen points in Northern Perania, where stores, under the auspices of the organization, though in the name of two of its

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relatively unknown members, were to be opened.

These stores—unpretentious little places though they were—in charge of men whom Trevor had chosen out of the organization for the work, were to mark—supposing Trevor's plans to be successful—the inauguration of a chain or system of stores through which all the usual necessities of the miners, from one end of the region to the other, were to be supplied through their own organization—and for that organization's benefit, or for the benefit of its members. This was Trevor's plan for bringing the profits of this vast business back to the pockets of the men themselves.

In arranging that these initial stores should be opened, just at this time, Trevor had calculated, of course, with

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definite purpose. He was anxious, it is true, in any case, that the miners should gain the benefits which the enterprise implied—anxious whatever else might come, or might not come, that this great economic advantage might be made secure. But he was anxious also that the idea should be so presented to them, that he would be helped in getting, in particular, two ideas safely and solidly lodged in the minds of the men.

He wished, first, to make the occasion the illustrating emphasis of what a moderate capital invested in the interest of the men would yield. Looking to this end, an announcement was issued and circulated throughout the region. This announcement pointed out: “That a saving might be effected to the miners, through these stores, that would average, taking all in all, some

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thirty per cent. on their expenditures; or when the half dozen stores already opened had become the thirty or more which it was desired to open, a gain would be effected which, for the solid body of Peranian miners, would represent something near twenty-five millions of dollars every year."

With the emphasis now given to the advantage that lay here, the first real sway of the Trevor idea began. Until this time the men of the Northern section had yielded to the personality of Trevor. What he had wished had been done because it was he who had wished it. What he had advocated had been accepted because it was he who had advocated it. And even now, likely enough, the idea that this announcement had put forth would not have taken such immediate hold had there not been back

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of the announcement the personality of Trevor; and the solid Northern organization which that personality had brought into being.

Nevertheless, by now, an idea, as such, began to take great hold on the minds of the miners. And that not only in the North, where Trevor was revered, but in the South as well, where Trevor himself was but little known, or not known at all. Call it economy, or call it gain, the twenty-five millions of dollars a year which Trevor promised to return to the pockets of the miners stood out as a great, and significant, and impressive fact.

And this fact was the more significant because it lay so simply and so truly in the nature of the case. Not a miner in Perania lacked knowledge of the great profits which had been thus

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harvested from his toil. Not a miner in Perania failed to understand that great profits still remained to be harvested. And to no mind could it seem other than reasonable that these miners should stretch forth their hands to get that great advantage which was so easily and so naturally within their reach.

To handle such business, it was true, certain capital was necessary. But the returns which the investment of such capital would bring, would rival the immense gains of the most lucratively invested capital of the country.

And the announcement also pointed, in contrast, to the value which such a business gain as this implied, in comparison with any possible return from an immediate strike, or from any strike whatever, under conditions such as then existed.

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“A saving of thirty per cent. on expenditures,” the announcement emphasized, “was rather a greater victory than an increase of twenty per cent. in wages would be—could that in any way be had. As a matter of fact an increase of even ten per cent. in their wages was problematical. The advantage that had been pointed out, and which was here proposed, was secure—could be had at once—and could be had without waste or cost whatever.” This was one advantage of subscription to a capital fund.

But with still greater insistence did Trevor emphasize the relation which such an enterprise as the system of stores would bear to the powerful organization which it was now proposed to build up; to make clear that in a subscription to a capital fund for the great

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organization, not only that the men thus provided the capital for an enterprise that would yield immense returns, but also the means for a growth in the organization to still larger, still more powerful dimensions.

The announcement emphasized the simple and direct method, which, in the first place, the system of stores provided for adding largely, without further demands on the men, to the capital which a great and effective organization required. (For it was made clear that the profits of the first year should be held as part of the capital which it was the organization's purpose to have—bonds being issued against these profits, redeemable on any occasion of need, or when an individual ceased to be a miner.) Twenty-five millions a year was, perchance, some hundred and

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forty dollars for each individual miner; but twenty-five millions added to the capital of the organization added a weapon of an immeasurable power. The announcement pointed out, also, the pertinent place such a system of stores would occupy as a base of supplies on the occasion of the greater industrial conflicts which were yet to come. It pointed out how the interest of such a vast business would also relate the organization to other factors in the life of the general public, and thus bring to it greater dignity, and importance, and consideration. And it suggested, as well, what this chain of stores might well imply as a precursor of other enterprises, which a great and substantial organization might rightly undertake.

All in all what Trevor thus brought forward was well calculated to advance

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his purpose. The thought or the gain of twenty-five millions a year disposed many thousands of men, apart from those who had already been under his influence to espouse his cause. The impression which the prospects of millions of money ahead created, spread ever more widely, while the vista of further advantages, of which this was the promise, wrought greatly on every side.

XII.

MEANWHILE, the efforts of Pendleton had come practically to a standstill. What with the seductive influence which the Trevor plans exercised over the imagination, what with the direct effect of the launching of the stores, and what with the stamp of reality which Trevor's personality gave to all the ideas for which he stood, it was a difficult matter for Pendleton quite to brush these things aside—a difficult matter, also, in light of those representations of the waste which a strike involved, for Pendleton to as heartily satisfy himself concerning the wisdom of one as it was necessary that he should.

While, therefore, Trevor's lieutenants were hurrying here and there, pen-

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etrating the southern regions and urging the men to come out on the Trevor side, while Trevor himself was making a number of trips into the territory in which his rival had been completely in control, and while, at Trevor's headquarters, activities of many kinds were in progress, Pendleton was sitting by very quietly, fighting the battle out in his own mind—his lieutenants waiting patiently until the chief should speak.

The problem was difficult to solve. Millions of money—that was the promise. Millions of money as the weapon of a solidly strong organization of men—nothing, of course, could have been more appealing. Millions of money with which to adjust his differences with the lords of capital, and to fight the battles of labor. The thought of it offered at least some apology for his

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failure in the interview with Trevor, to represent his own cause as he had intended to do.

And yet, apart from Trevor and from Trevor's authoritative command, Trevor's plans, in Pendleton's mind, lost their reality; lost their force and substance; became impractical. One could think of Trevor himself as dealing naturally and simply with vast affairs, raising the great sums of money of which he had spoken, handling complicated situations, engineering large transactions, and forcing brilliant triumphs. One could easily think of him, indeed, as one of the money kings of the time. That, perchance, was what he easily might have been. Or, one could think of him as the over-lord of vast private enterprises, the representative of great capital power.

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The difficulty for Pendleton was to think of Trevor's plans as working naturally or wisely in the affairs of an organization of struggling laboring men. The great organization which was proposed with its millions of money, its varied grasp on affairs, its tremendous power, involved too many complications and too many dangers. It fitted in but badly with Pendleton's knowledge of the men who would comprise that organization's membership—poor, ignorant, reckless, sometimes lawless, and always unreliable. With whatsoever confidence he could think of Trevor, he was unable to adjust himself to the thought of this mass of men exercising the power which such an organization as this would imply. What he thus foresaw was division and strife—and worse.

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Or should these plans for a time be successfully carried out the result would be to stimulate unwise encroachments on the rights of the employing class; encroachments on that which, as Pendleton thought, was and must remain, the distinct province of the capitalistic few. Nor could these encroachments mean aught for the men ultimately but disadvantage.

Pendleton could, indeed—and did—think of this great aggregate of men as begging, pleading, and struggling for greater and ever greater concessions from the powerful few who controlled the great industries in which the riches of Perania lay. He could—and did—think of organizing these men and re-organizing them over and over again, to urge, demand, to compel from the employers more liberal wages and more generous privileges.

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What he found difficult was to think of this aggregate of laboring men in the position, not of supplication, but of command; to think of them in a position where their wills should dominate (for this, indeed, was what the great organization must mean if it meant anything); to think of that was to think of the existing basis of the general welfare as being at stake. That was not what Pendleton wanted. Nor, as he believed, did the advancement of the miner's interests lie along any such road as this implied.

From the standpoint of that which, in his mind, was to work the advancement of the interests of the men, he was clear enough. He could recognize the cost of recurring industrial conflicts—in long stretches of idle time, in loss of vast sums in wages, in large drains on

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the treasury of friendly sister organizations, in enormous drafts on the courage and endurance of the men; he could recognize these costs and believe them justified. He could distinctly commit himself to a prolonged, even perpetual, policy of strikes; could say—and he did say—that whatever gains were thus made to-day still greater gains remained to be made to-morrow—and by the same method; that a ten per cent. wage increase must be followed by another ten per cent.; that the adjustment of one grievance must be followed by a demand for another privilege; that with every step in the growth of the country's prosperity, with every step in the prosperity of the employing class, it would be the duty of the men to organize, agitate, and demand their share. And the general philosophy

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which sustained him in this position and which, until now, had remained rather sub-consciously in his mind, was in the thinking of these critical days acquiring a definite form and becoming capable of simple, positive expression.

The greatly capitalized organization however—the organization capitalized with millions of money, as Pendleton's thought began to clear, seemed to him to promise only confusion and complication. And for this position, too, Pendleton's sub-conscious philosophy was shaping itself in practical terms.

It was one thing to compel the redress of grievances and the relief of injustices; one thing to risk much that unscrupulous exactions and tyrannies might be removed. For this Pendleton had long fought. It was also one thing to demand a steadily increasing

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share in that richness which the earth gave forth—as much through the labors of the common men as through the management of the favored few; one thing, indeed, to adopt as a guiding principle, that with every gain in wealth which came to the directing minority, a pro-rata for the laboring majority must be made secure. This, too, was in Pendleton's purpose.

But a line of demarcation appeared with any proposition which implied interference with the enterprise and activity of those whose greater knowledge and greater development, whose stronger brains and stronger character were necessary to the conduct of industries and the welfare of existing things. And this, Trevor's organization seemed of necessity to involve.

And in the judgment to which he had

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come, Pendleton felt that he was on strong ground. Whatever the wrongs which the men had endured whose cause he represented—or should have still to endure, whatever their grievances and whatever their injustices, yet he felt bound to recognize that their capabilities fitted them only for the menial work of the world.

And, on the other hand, whatever the selfishness in the ruling few, whatever the tyrannies which their selfishness led them to impose, yet, also, these men whose brains and strength had brought them into position of command and power, were in these positions as if by divine right. They were necessary to the prosperity of industry and to the stability of society.

And by virtue of this more important part which they played, and were

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fitted to play, they were entitled to the vaster compensations which they exacted, were entitled to the bountiful command of the earth's richness which they enjoyed.

Through such reasonings as these, Pendleton again got such grasp on the position which he had occupied earlier, as to restore his singleness of mind and singleness of purpose. To go on with Trevor's schemes was to go on to ultimate disaster. To allow these schemes, on the other hand, to blind the eyes of the men to the definite advantages that were attainable was a crime. Nor did Pendleton doubt that he could now convincingly present his position even to Trevor himself.

XIII.

WHAT Pendleton perhaps had failed to consider was that Trevor, too, might have a philosophy underlying his plans and his actions.

Trevor had his philosophy; a philosophy which he could express as succinctly as he could state figures or outline policies—which lay in truth, as convincingly before his mind, as the field of possibilities and opportunities lay serviceably within his insight.

Trevor had his philosophy; a philosophy in which, if need should be that he should give it expression, he would indict, to begin with, even as Pendleton would indict, that class who were the employing class, or the exploiting class—according as one might choose to call them—that class who were the class of

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capital, and of power—power arrogated or acquired, as one might choose to think.

And as far as Trevor was concerned, one was quite at liberty to think as one chose, so long only, as that same liberty in Trevor himself were not held in question.

And Trevor would formulate his indictment with a cool and steady calmness, which would contrast advantageously with the hot ardor which, at such moment, would excite the brain of Pendleton. Only, it is certain, Trevor's indictment would sink more deeply, and comprehend more wisely, and stand more steadfastly.

For Trevor would indict not only the integrity of that favored class in whose power the richness of the country lay, but, as well, their skill in management

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of those agencies through which this richness was converted into available forms.

And this Trevor would do, not only with abundant grasp of the evidence which was made available whenever even the simplest investigation touched the affairs of corporate power—railroad, industrial, assurance, finance or government; but also with the fine and detailed knowledge which personal experience had given him of the elemental forces at work in these channels, of which forces that favored class of power was the embodiment—forces of greed and graft, from which, as of natural law, naught *could* come but robberies and corruptions, and naught did or would.

Nor in his indictment would Trevor grant the qualifying clause, of which

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Pendleton felt the need, whereby the superior brains and stronger character of these men might be saved for the service of industry and the stability of society. Rather, he would emphasize the essential simplicity of the service, which, for the most part, the functions which they assumed to discharge required—befogged and beclouded, indeed, for the present, by that spirit of greed and graft, which put men's hands persistently at each other's throats and pockets, and, by the lawlessness and crime which—truly—required skill and ability to conceal.

And he would emphasize as well the impossibility that these channels of greed and graft should ever produce, either the character or the brains to fit in wisely with that service which the Common Weal required.

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While Trevor's philosophy, however, might begin with such indictment as this—and to that extent find itself in accord with Mr. Pendleton—yet with these things it would concern itself but little. The positive note in Trevor's thought began with a large appreciation of that which lay in the hearts, and not less in the capacities, of the vast mass of men; of the possibilities that lay in them—given light and given opportunity; of the integrity that lay in them, and the loyalty—given trust.

And beyond this Trevor's philosophy would go on bravely to recognize that at best the whole mass of material things must find its single use in subordination to the welfare of that mass of men which, in truth, was humanity—the reclamation, the redemption, the service of the downmost. That which would

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do this most quickly and most directly—with least of diversion or of perversion, with least waste in extortionate bounties to the few, with least misdirection in vulgar extravagances to the favored, with least obstruction and delay by plots, and thieveries, and mismanagements, and rascalities—*that* was right.

And to that right—should legislative measures interfere, or laws of congress, or needs of economic systems, then these must bend, not that. This was right, and this right must be persistently upheld.

Yet not with philosophy at all was Trevor now greatly concerned—but with action; not with the theory of what should be, but with decision of what must be. The programme of the

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northern leader was definitely formed. The million of dollars which the Northern Unions had raised was now two. The tide of passionate demand for an immediate adjustment of grievances, that Pendleton had excited, was fairly met by the prospect which Trevor had put forth of greater gains in peaceful ways than strikes could win. The clamor had subsided. The subscription was fairly assured. Beyond that were the prospective profits of the stores. All told, Trevor's forty millions for the first year was in sight—and, indeed, much more.

Naked, indeed, as the idea of the advantage of capital had stood forth, tyrannically as the lesson of it had always been stung into the veins of the men, yet now for the first time were these men to see the advantage of

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capital in their own service. Now, however, they were to see it. Now they were to see that that capital, which, as master over them, could be fiercest, harshest, most relentless of tyrants, could also be unto them the most nimble, and subtle, and versatile of servants.

And as Trevor sat with his memorandums, his determination comprehended more than forty millions of the first year; beyond that, was steadily increasing gains and steadily increasing power. And with this increasing power the juster distribution of wealth—less to the few, more to the struggling. That was the motive which would sustain in whatever contests might come.

Nor was he without the vision of a further prospect to which his ideas would press forward. Other organizations of labor should build up their

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power even as this one, and the allied strength of these great organizations would usher in a new era of material conditions.

When Pendleton came, the welcome that greeted him was as gracious as that which he had received before. But when he essayed to argue and to debate, he was made to realize that the period for this, with Trevor, was decisively passed. Discussion, now, was deftly declined.

“There is the meeting of delegates,” said Trevor.

“Yes.”

“We shall yield the decision to them.”

XIV.

MANY things, in very truth, were said in that meeting of delegates—a gathering in which the southern section was as well represented as that of north, and in which, indeed, the majority might reasonably have been supposed to lean to the leadership of Pendleton.

And this meeting, in its character of precursor to the great convention which labor was to assemble and to decide the issues at stake, was one of much importance and significance.

When Trevor addressed these men, however, he confined his talk at first to the emphasis of a single issue.

If it were true, so Trevor said, if it were true, as Pendleton had claimed, that the miners themselves were the producers of the wealth of the

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region, then their duty was clear—to take that which was their own. Or, if capital had been the power through which the robbers had been able to steal, to oppress, and to tyrannize, then that power of capital was the one power which the men must acquire.

Indeed, capital was the one thing which deserved attention—the problem for the men of amassing capital of their own, and of putting that capital into active service in such manner as would bring to the men ever increasing advantages and benefits.

Now-a-days, in truth, neither health, nor virtue, nor life, nor liberty, secured its title until capital made its grant. The only way to make terms with capital was to control some of it.

The habit of denouncing certain men who had brought a little capital to-

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gether and set it to work, and had then seen it augment itself by such leaps and bounds that the astounding result caused as much surprise to the men themselves as it caused amazement and perhaps anger to others—the habit of denouncing these men was, of course, as easy as, perhaps, it was natural. That habit of denunciation, however, had been somewhat overdone. It was well to remember that the fact that a few men had their iron grip on so much of all that made the land great and strong; that their power, ever seemingly insatiable, passed so rapidly from one point to another until it embraced almost everything; that within the State there had grown a force stronger than the State itself, which held the State largely at its mercy—all this was not so much due to vices in men who were capitalists—nor to virtues in them.

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The present point lay in the nature of capital as such. These men had reaped the benefits of capital which was massed and put to work. They were, in effect, tied to their capital; that capital whose very nature was growth, increase, multiplication, propagation, extension; that capital which was the one force whose integrity and whose growth were made sacred and inviolable by the laws of the land and the conditions of our civilization.

There was no good reason, however, why that capital power should not shift itself from one set of men to another; no good reason why that capital power should not be transferred from the few to the many. Always, the trouble had mainly been, that the many had been blind to their possibilities and careless of the power that resided in them.

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The lesson for the organized worker was simple enough. Capital was the supreme thing. The men before him—organized labor generally—backed their claims for greater share in the earth's blessings only with their physical bulk. It was capital, however, alone, that reaped the advantage of the fruit of the natural forces at work in the world—of the God-given thing which is called the world's prosperity. Except as capital was the angle-worm, fish of this kind would never be caught. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath"—this olden, golden Word had in these days its particular application at just this point.

The men must control capital, and they could. The way was open to them. It was simple. But very mani-

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festly the way was not along the line of that policy which had prevailed of scattering in irretrievable loss—five millions—ten—twenty millions of dollars. That was what a strike meant. The power of money in the service of the men would come as these millions were capitalized and started forth on the march of increase and enlargement and power.

The ways in which capital thus massed might be advantageously used had already been partly indicated. It was, on the one hand, the nature of capital once brought together, to discover new places where it could be at work. And, on the other hand, it was already apparent that if labor was to meet successfully the crisis which it already faced, it was necessary that its resources of money should be ample.

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For an hour, calmly, directly, Trevor unfolded the idea which he had thus introduced—indicating its various applications in the affairs of Peranian miners, suggesting its diverse possibilities, and forecasting its future. There were in his words no passionate appeals to the heart—no stimulations to the emotions, yet the simple strength of a new idea engaged the minds of the men, and, perhaps, inflamed their imaginations, as no eloquent ringing of the old phrases on the old lines could ever do. Even a recognition of hardships in the lives of the men before him, and of their sufferings, and their title to justice and remedy, was omitted. Trevor was the cool man presenting coolly a proposition which was wisely sound.

Yet—perhaps, because always, the man with the fact will be heard, or, per-

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haps, by reason of his own engaging personality—Trevor, as he stood there and spoke, seemed to draw all into the circle of his intimate confidence and to impart to all a serene and settled faith in that for which he stood. Even Pendleton himself, heeding the speaker with no less intentness than the others, found himself at last assenting to that which was proposed.

From the time of this meeting and thereafter, the clamor of contending forces subsided entirely. The idea of divisions and antagonisms was submerged by the one idea that steadily dominated the minds of all. A new organization was to exist which should stand for the larger advancement of the interests of the Peranian miners; an organization which, with a wide sphere of activity, should grow as

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other institutions in the history of the country and in the history of the rise of liberty had grown; which should spread out its arms on many sides and lift up its head in dignity and power; which should act as the instrument through which the battles of the people should be fought; which would stand as the fortress in which they would find refuge and protection.

Trevor had won his point.

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XV.

How ?

And how best ?

These were the questions which the magnate pondered.

“At any rate,” he muttered, “ somehow. That organization must be broken, smashed.”

Pattison now was the directing figure in the great trust—the trust that owned the coal industries of Perania.

Coming as he did to his dominating position, just at this time when the Organization of Miners was advancing rapidly along the lines of prosperity and power, which Trevor’s work had

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opened, it was a situation of great difficulty that he occupied. In the organization of labor which he confronted, there was a menace of a distinctly new and unique character—a menace not alone to profits, or even to long maintained rights and privileges. Rather it was a menace whose arrow pointed to the very vitals of the Trust's life.

Information had come to Mr. Pattison concerning the business which this organization of Perania miners had been carrying on. Information had come—though not, in truth, until his own instincts had fully grasped the deep significance and meaning of the air of prosperity which in these days had marked the men. Then, indeed, information had come, because his own searching investigations had compelled it forth. And the information which

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these investigations had brought forth was complete and—astonishing.

Even now the papers lay on Pattison's great desk—facts, figures, estimates. Glaring boldly from one document were figures which showed that the profit from these miners' stores had been in six months \$7,994,000.

Gross business for 1st quarter\$15,750,000

Memo:—An average expenditure for each worker of \$30 per month.

Gross business for 2d quarter\$17,300,000

Memo:—Business enlarged by outside patronage.

Profit 1st quarter\$3,934,000

Profit 2d quarter\$4,060,000

Average of over 24 per cent. on gross business.

So the item read.

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There were other figures that disturbed Pattison no less; figures showing that the organization had millions to invest quite apart from its stores—millions shrewdly invested in securities whose value had vastly increased—and other millions so invested that the disagreeable fact stood forth that the organization controlled some half dozen of the solid banks of Perania.

That which concerned the magnate, as he contemplated these figures, was the fact that the substantial beginning which was thus set forth implied, of necessity (if not violently interfered with), a growth and development whose extent was incalculable. He, too, could see, even as Trevor had seen before him, labor organizations whose wealth would fairly rival that of the great private corporations, whose

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power, moreover, would stand in proportions excessively larger. Pattison realized that the instinct of money conservation, of co-operative accumulation of wealth, had been well planted in this mass of men. He realized that a strong leadership had enabled this mass of men to grasp practically that which had long stood as a beckoning ideal.

As he thus reflected, he quivered as the vision flashed across his mind of that great fabric of corporate power and corporate control of men and affairs, of which to-day he was the representative, tottering and crumbling to its foundations; of another order of power rising in its stead, in which wealth was democratized—as politics had been, as education had been. In any case, he was sensitively awake to the fact that the dominance of his own

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wealth stood now in gravest, most immediate jeopardy. How might the situation best be met?

There lay, indeed, in the corner of Pattison's mind, a thought that the surest method of destroying the disturbing organization was to encourage it out into the sea of financial things. It seemed plausible to believe that the very wealth which it had now begun to boast was its own greatest danger; that the enterprises in which its wealth involved it, afforded the means for its swiftest punishment and downfall.

Yet thoroughly discouraging to this thought, there was, to begin with, a wholesome fear of Trevor's own keenness and skill. Even if the bait that might be held out should be taken, it was by no means impossible that line and pole would follow. It was within

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Trevor's capacities to meet Pattison even on his own ground. While his knowledge of the weak points in Pattison's armor, his grasp of the intricacies of corporation affairs, was calculated to work disaster to all that the great Trust of Operators represented.

And, in his own affairs, Trevor was one who knew when to be cautious as well as when to be bold. There were, indeed, no indications that the organization, of which Trevor was the head, was likely to venture into channels where its own power was other than inherently complete.

The problem narrowed itself speedily enough. The right to employ whom one would, and the right not to employ whom one chose not to employ, seemed still to Pattison one of those fundamental principles, one of those

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inalienable rights, in behalf of which the sympathies of a whole nation must indisputably be enlisted.

There had been times, indeed, when a compromise of this right had seemed wise—had been dictated by the interest of the operators. There had been times when it was vastly cheaper to waive the point than to long argue it. There had been times when a long battle in its behalf would have been at the expense of immense profits, and at the expense, too, of that tremendous augmentation of power which time alone had been able to bring to pass.

But in the presence of such a condition as that which now threatened, the assertion of this right assumed a different aspect and a different value. This right formed the issue on which a fight must be based. This was the

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issue, indeed, through which alone, the preservation of corporate power was possible. It was the issue, as well, through which the menacing organization might be demolished.

As Pattison's thought thus settled to steadiness, he began to be impatient for the action that should carry this decision into event.

"Break them?" he said. "That crowd must be smashed to hell."

He summoned a clerk. He dispatched notes to those presidents of corporations who were allied with him.

As the latter assembled, Pattison urged upon them the decision to which he had come, with the directness that was characteristic of him.

"There is but one way," he said.

"What is that?"

"These mines must be free."

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There was a ring to the phrase that he liked.

“ We must take our stand for free labor. We must be rid of unions—of the domination of unions. These mines must be free.”

“ That,” said Barnes, a cooler-veined man than Pattison, and one whose mind tended to wider observation, “ that, if they will let us.”

“ Let us? ” demanded Pattison, and his voice trembled with anger, “ I tell you we must break them—smash them—stores, organization, and all. We have got to drive this gang out—every one of them—starve them out.”

Here, surely, the issue lay. The consent that unions should exist up to a given point—that, of course, had been necessary. Their activity up to a given limit, pernicious though it was—that

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had been tolerated. The right to concentration of power on the part of the operators required for its apology the apparent right of organization among laboring men.

Now, however, a crisis had come. Nominal organization on the part of the men had become real. And with that organization towering over him of two hundred thousand awakened and resolute men, backed by their millions of money, Pattison knew that he was fighting for his very life. Whatever the difficulties, whatever the costs, the issue must be made and met.

“ We must smash labor unions.”

“ Where? ” Barnes asked, “ where are our mines to be if we force that issue? ”

“ We’ll bring workers in,” Pattison snapped. “ Free workers.”

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“ With difficulty,” said Barnes.

“ And we’ll break the unions.”

The difficulties loomed forth nevertheless. Nor were either Barnes or Hemphill slow in suggesting what these grave difficulties were.

“ Don’t you understand ? ” demanded Pattison. “ It’s our one chance. It’s what we must do. Are we to have an organization like that towering over us ? They have millions now. What will it be in another year ? In two ? In five ? ”

“ The fight is on,” said Hemphill.

“ It was bound to come,” Barnes added. “ But let us work—warily.”

“ We can work,” said Pattison, “ none too quickly.”

XVI.

WORK warily? There were some things, indeed, in which the magnate could work warily enough. As his visitors departed a malignant gleam came in Pattison's eye. There *was* a weapon—for a moment he paused.

Suddenly the man's muscles became rigid, tense. A new sense of the very magnitude of the power that was in his own hands, a new vision of the illimitable strength that was in the weapon which he now proposed to use, made his face livid. And then, with that irresponsibility of the mind that occurs when the nerves are highly wrought, and with that sensitiveness to dangers which comes also at such a time—sensitiveness even to dangers the most remote and unlikely—Pattison's thought

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glanced at the possibility, that that weapon whose value was so great, might be—could be—wrested from him. With this vision before him, Pattison sank to his chair, trembling.

But such paroxysms with Pattison were as brief as they were rare. That weapon was safely his. His own hand firmly clutched that weapon. Nor should others wrest it from him. As his mind—steady now and single—rested on the thought of the absolute domination over men and over events which his control of the railroads gave him, as he rested in the thought that he held cities, towns, communities, all of Perania completely at his mercy, through this control which was his of the very arteries of the nation's life, the reverberating, chuckling laughter rolled out again—rolled out as it was accus-

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tomed to roll out when this magnate was quite sure that he had the joke on the other man. Pattison rang a bell.

The man who now responded to the call was one whose precise position in the offices of the Trust it would have been hard to label. The desk at which he sat, when he sat before any, was more often vacant than occupied, and he himself was now here, now there—everywhere. Nor could many have told why he was here, why there, or anywhere. Evans, nevertheless, was one of the magnate's most skillful and most useful and most trusted agents.

“Those organization stores,” Pattison said, “get a lot of freight on our roads?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Food stuffs—and so on?”

“Yes.”

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“ Evans—begin to lose that stuff.”

Evans hesitated; not, however, in any doubt of what was meant. The dependence of the miners' stores on the railroads was apparent enough. Nor was it doubt of the method by which Pattison intended that the supplies of the organization should go astray. The side tracking of an enemy's goods (or a competitor's goods) was an old story in the history of the struggle for commercial domination. At the moment, however, doubt had entered Evans' mind of the effectiveness of the move in the particular circumstances.

The moment's delay stirred Pattison's anger.

“ You understand? ” he imperiously demanded.

“ I see,” said Evans.

“ The war is on,” Pattison concluded.

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And there were other things as well in which Pattison was able to work warily, even as Barnes had suggested. There were many preparations to be made, whose making moved naturally in channels of subterranean depth.

Immense reserves of coal must be harbored—and this, at points where suspicion of the purpose that was being carried out might be least awakened.

Great reserves of capital must be provided, so that least of embarrassment might be encountered either in the management of properties, in the prosecution of the campaign, or in the manipulation, in the financial markets, of the listed values of the properties whose intrinsic value was now to encounter so severe a test.

And in diverse places at home and in countries across the seas, those plans

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must be advanced which looked to the incoming of an army of new workers—an army of men through whom the Organization's members were to be displaced, the Organization itself brought low, and, as Pattison expressed it, the condition of labor in Perania be made “free.”

That in these things Pattison was able to work warily, stealthily, was true enough.

And none the less was it true that Pattison was able to work quickly—quickly as his own passion compelled. The tense weeks during which the Trust of Operators intrenched itself in a position of such strength as, before, even its own power had never boasted, brought the state of affairs in Perania rapidly to that day when the first importations of new men stood at the out-

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skirts of the mines, and claimed the places of employment to which, in the purpose of the Operators, they had been assigned.

Then, indeed—even if until then Trevor had remained in ignorance of Pattison's movements—then, in that day when long lines of new, raw, recruits, faced groups of men who through years of toil, and difficulty, and effort, had striven to make Perania their home, the comprehensive and relentless character of Pattison's attack became open and revealed.

Nor in this was Pattison anything loath. It suited the attitude of his mind, not less than it suited the stage to which his procedures had arrived, that the battle should now stand forth as the overt, determined thing it was. That instinct in him of grasping, of

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holding, of driving, that ultra development of his self as a machine of aggrandizement before which all things must bend, had got itself well clothed as in the garments of a knight battling for the common weal. The sense of overwhelming danger to the wealth and power which he represented, had merged itself into a profound belief that he was the champion of a fundamental human right. And the intensity inherent in his fear of injury to those fortunes which were his own, gave, singularly enough, an air of sincerity and of fervent zeal, to that devotion which he professed to be in behalf of a cause common to the good of all.

Pattison talked boldly now—stood out in his knightly garb with that boldness, with which erstwhile, he had pressed subterraneously the plans

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which looked singly to the triumph of his own power. He talked of labor leaders who assaulted rights on which the stability of the Commercial order depended. He talked of possible prostrated cities and ruined industries. He talked as one must needs talk who must enlist in his battle the interest and sympathy of a people awakened to a belief that his battle was their own. As, in the inner Councils, his word was, "we must smash that Crowd to hell," to the outer world he said, "Labor must be free."

But that which Perania became immediately eager to know was what Trevor would do—and could do.

Only now, indeed, had deep understanding come of the giant strides to power which the Organization under his guidance had made—understanding

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of the power which now it actually held, of its great wealth and its abundant resources.

And now also the public first realized what allies Trevor had nursed, and brought to his organization's support. Capitalization, begun in Perania, had, indeed, gripped the heart of labor's forces the country over. It was the new direction of progress. Many another organization than that of the Miners could now boast a financial strength of vastly significant proportions. The allied power of these organizations was to be reckoned with in something of that sense in which the allied power of the great private Corporations had to be reckoned with.

Nor did any doubt that these allied forces were at Trevor's command.

Far and wide as the knowledge of the

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contest that impended became general, interest centered in this new leader whose personality had become so gravely important. The ears of the country were turned to hear how it was proposed to employ the power that had been acquired.

“What shall we do?” Trevor asked. “Why, the men will go out of course. A strike will be ordered. The mines will be tied up.”

But beyond this? And it was beyond this that Perania's quivering interest lay. How far could the Organization's new resources make the efforts of Pattison futile—how far make a strike effective—the tying up of the mines complete? What new power had the Organization acquired through its greater wealth? And how would that new power be used?

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Beyond his single statement however, Trevor, for the most part was silent—and silent in a manner of mystification that tended to deepen the fears that prevailed. From him, indeed, no word could be drawn of what the Miners' Organization had done in preparation for such a conflict, or would do, now that it had come. Neither from him came either criticism or denunciation of what Pattison had done, or would do.

With Perania itself trembling in alarm, with Pattison vehement in aggressiveness, Trevor was quiet, self-contained. Only sometimes his smile disguised a sneer at Pattison's disturbed state. Only sometimes the click of his jaw, and the firmness of his step, told of clear cut ends toward which his own will was bent.

At Miners' Headquarters, where he

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was supreme, the days were days of movement; not discussion, not talk, but action. A vast army was responding to the control of a leader whose eye, through the working out of a thousand details, kept steadily to the unfolding of a single purpose. Captains, lieutenants, and soldiers, in the solid army that had been built up, were coming and going, receiving commands, executing orders and reporting the achievement of results. That which was to be done, was to be done. Agitations, indignations were in his presence put aside. The general was moving forward, simply and directly, to a city which it was in his power to take.

Once, indeed, shortly after the strike had been declared and the Organization's army had "gone out," debate in the inner circles had begun.

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The new men, whom Pattison was now bringing in to Perania, had succeeded but indifferently well either in getting to the work that had been assigned to them or in sticking to it. Intimidation and violence, it would seem, had been their lot.

And Pendleton, high now in the Councils of the new Organization, and strong in the sense of the power which that Organization commanded, was bold in his insistence that the power which the Organization held, should be exercised at every point and to the last degree.

“Labor,” he said, “must be *forced* to be solid.”

Even as Pattison and his Trust of Operators for their own reasons would drive out one set of workers so Pendleton, determinedly, and for his own rea-

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sons, would have driven out another set. Pattison would have labor "free;" Pendleton would have "labor" powerful.

"Whatsoever is necessary," he went on, "to make the solidarity of labor's forces complete must be done."

Trevor, ordinarily impatient of discussion, had here smiled indulgently.

"Yes," he said slowly, "of course."

"We must not hesitate," Pendleton continued, "we must not hesitate to establish our power to the utmost."

There was more behind the statement, as those present knew, than within it. There was specifically the forceful interference with the encroachments of new men; there was, perhaps, the deliberate employment of two hundred thousand men to drive back the men whom Pattison was striving to bring in—and that with such methods as might

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unfold, and as inherent power made possible. And altogether this was a phase of things which Trevor—removed as it was from the main line of his policy—had taken but little into consideration.

Pausing now in reflection, he was conscious of the old debate of his business years recurring to his thought. The old issue, of actions, themselves questionable, being justified, because the end proposed was a worthy one, presented itself once again to his mind though in new form. Great commercial enterprises, kept in motion, were, indeed the apology for many corruptions. More worthily, an enterprise which so directly advanced the welfare of a great body of common people, might seem the justification of an exercise of determined force.

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“Hesitate?” he asked, echoing Pendleton’s word.

He realized that ugly possibilities lay in the situation as of necessity. Yet,—in any great effort there were ugly possibilities.

“No,” he said, answering his own question. “We shall not hesitate.”

Great ends would justify much, and apologize for much. This always had been Trevor’s creed.

Even early in his life—back there when he had been Pattison’s lieutenant—this had been his creed. By virtue of it had he overcome his repugnance to the thieveries and rascalities of trade, to those sordid things to which now the press and the literature of the day bore such constant witness. Great industries set in motion, a great commerce directed and managed, imperial cities

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rising in their material splendor—these things apologize for much.

Greater ends must apologize for—well, at any rate, for sins—if there should be sins—which were less. And the end for which now he must not hesitate to use the strength at his command was clear enough.

Looking backward to the time when he first had come into the Peranian region, Trevor's remembrance emphasized but lightly the hardness of conditions under which the men had lived. Such conditions, if need be, could be faced. His remembrance did emphasize the attitude toward life of the men—an attitude which was gloomy because their conditions were untouched by the hope of change; bitter, because of indisputable wrongs. And, indeed, gloomier still, and bitterer still, because that

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which alone was fed to their minds and hearts was an heightened sense of their wrongs, and the hopeless condition of their lot.

This hardness of conditions in Trevor's mind, this gloom and this bitterness were not merely unhappiness. Happiness or unhappiness might be waived aside. But it was ineffectiveness. It was life atrophied, shackled, depressed of its meaning.

And then a change had come—slowly, surely. It was marvelous to see what change could come—given conditions. To Trevor, during the months in which the organization was taking its strides to financial strength, it had been curious and impressive to watch this change—this change in the attitude of great masses of men toward life's duties and toward life's possibilities.

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One saw this change; one felt it. It was in the mines and in the homes. It was in the meetings. It was everywhere. Bitterness and gloom disappeared. Still better, listless ineffectiveness went. An appreciation of life's worth came.

When ambition siezes the soul, powers within, before undreamt of, spring to service because now a use is found to which to put them. So—essentially—here. As the shackles, which had repressed life, were loosed, a new intelligence got abroad, and a new vigor. Life was unfolding. Men grew. Yes,—the manhood of thousands upon thousands had stepped to a level of being and of doing and of enjoying that was higher, more effective.

That was a good end.

That was an end to compare favora-

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bly with any that man ever set himself to achieve.

It might be that the change had come through a sense of intimate relationship, which membership in the organization gave the men, with that great Thing—which, by the customs of the times and the laws of the land, had been enthroned with sovereign power.

Or the change had come, perhaps, from the confidence instilled, by the knowledge that a great organization, solidified by a great amount of money, stood to them as strong fortress and as defense.

Or, perhaps, the change had come simply because the men knew that this great organization gave them assurance that the effort of mind and muscle, of heart and spirit, which they put forth, were now to accrue somewhat to their

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own benefit—that, having labored in the sweat of their face, they were to enjoy a measure of that which their labor had produced.

At any rate, this altered status of things must be conserved. It was time that those who sacrificed men that money might grow, should know that money might well be sacrificed that men might grow.

The end, at any rate, was an end whose conservation and advancement would justify much. It was an end, moreover, whose beginning and whose advancement lay entirely in “the solidarity of labor’s forces.”

Pendleton was right.

“Labor,” said Trevor, repeating the former’s words and speaking slowly, “must be *forced* to be solid.”

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Yet, in general, in these days Trevor moved as one whose purpose neither involved nor admitted perplexities. To the offensive movements of Pattison he gave but little thought.

“ They have the *right* to do,” he said, “ that which they *can* do.”

Within the organization the consciousness was kept vivid that there were things also that labor could do; that in organized labor, indeed, there was power inherent to achieve its ends, far exceeding the power that lay in the men who would subordinate the laboring forces to their own ends.

What remained was simply that that power should be exercised. And, for the present, all forces were distributed and utilized and commanded that the purpose that was set should move forward.

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In his single statement to the public, given when that public clamored for knowledge and waited in anxiety, Trevor was terse.

“ We shall do,” he said, “ that which we are able to do.”

And from the calmness of Trevor’s manner one might interpret his statement as one chose.

XVII.

EVEN to Trever himself, however, it was a solemn occasion when the miners of Perania laid down their tools. Once again these men who dug from the earth the wealth on which Perania thrived, had left their tasks, had gone to their homes. Once again they faced those few who controlled the distribution of that wealth, and took to themselves the great share of its abundance. Once again, in innumerable homes, anxiety had entered. Once again a million people awaited the outcome of a hard and bitter contest. Whatever the confidence which Trevor himself felt, whatever the sense of strength in which he reposed, he was aware that the time was one through which most of the men and

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women of Perania would live in dread and fear.

That Trevor would have liked to bring this contest to a quick end was true enough. He would have liked to adjust the existing differences through rational discussion. A morning came when he decided to make the effort. He went over to that part of the city in which the offices of the Trust were located, and sought Mr. Pattison.

“We wish,” he said, when he was seated in the magnate’s office, “we would like this importation of new men to stop.”

Pattison, whose greeting had been curt, turned.

“In fact—it must stop,” Trevor added.

“Why?”

There was anger in Pattison’s heart.

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There might be, however, an advantage in temporizing.

“Because,” said Trevor, “it is the organization’s demand.”

“Your point is,” Pattison returned, “that we, the owners of these mines, shall yield to you the power to say who is to be employed in them.”

“If you wish to put it that way,” said Trevor, quietly.

“You dare,” the magnate’s anger grew, “you dare to insist that not I, but you, shall say whom we are to employ?”

“I dare.”

“Ah,” Mr. Pattison deliberated, “ah, that I can’t give employment without your permission?”

“Exactly.”

Mr. Pattison relaxed.

“By what right?” he asked, slowly.

An analysis of the altered relation-

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ships of men, and especially of organizations of men, to each other, which the form of later industrial development had brought, was hardly in order; nor, Trevor knew, was that what Pattison wanted. He was silent.

“Because you can control a mob,” said Pattison, tensely, “or because you think you can, you propose to assault my rights—the rights of this corporation.”

“Your rights?” Trevor, smiling, waived the idea aside. His accompanying gesture seemed to recall the days when Pattison himself, in his talks to the very person who now stood before him, was accustomed to attach to “rights,” but little importance.

“The rights,” Pattison began hotly, “of this corporation—”

“A man,” said Trevor, interrupting,

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“who claims rights—ought to have clean hands.”

“What may have been,” said Pattison, “may have been. That which confronts us now is—the present. The issue of the present is a simple one. What is right now?”

Trevor arose. The situation surely was a funny one. That Pattison should “starve out” two hundred thousand workers in the interests of the Trust—that was right. But that the Miners’ Organization should drive back other two hundred thousand (or less) in the interests of that organization—that was wrong. To conserve the interests of consolidated wealth, the war on the Union, the destruction of the Organization, was right. But the preservation of that Organization on which the welfare of two hundred thousand men and

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their families depended—that was reprehensible.

For Trevor to tell Pattison what that Organization meant for a million people—that was hopeless. To tell him that in organization their only chance lay against the otherwise unequal forces of life; to tell him that organization meant opportunity for them, a fair chance; to tell him that it meant a reduction of the thorns of life, an introduction of that which would make their lives of value—was to talk to Pattison of that which, though he had ears, he could not hear. Pattison was too long trained to see simply his own dollar—or at the very best to see that which might mark gain to a commercial enterprise. Still more impossible was it for Trevor to tell Pattison that the unfolding and de-

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velopment of human lives was an enterprise quite as important as the perfection of commercial machineries. The vital spark in Pattison which sometime may have connected him with the sufferings of other men or with their aspirations, was long since dead. Of these things, therefore, the labor leader did not speak. At this time, indeed, he did not think to speak of them.

There was one thing in which Trevor had expected Pattison to have shown understanding—understanding on the one side as well as on the other. The very fact that the capitalistic few had arrogated power which, now, was well nigh absolute, was the one compelling reason why a great labor organization was bound to strive to obtain a power which would rival—match—that absolutism. Just because that absolute

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power was in its nature a final bar to the improvement and progress of the mass of men, so that mass of men was bound to do its utmost to break that absolutism. Only in a solid, compact, aggressive organization could any hope lie for the masses, against the otherwise unequal forces which lay in the hands of the enemy.

And there was one point also in which Trevor had expected the magnate to have dealt simply and directly. If the magnate had said now, as erstwhile in his history he always had said, that the race was to the swiftest, Trevor would have respected him. The trouble was, that as organized labor began to prove its swiftness, Pattison, characteristically, began to hide in the cant phrases of the right—the right which in his own purposes he had always disregarded or violated.

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Trevor crossed to where the magnate sat, towering over the little man with a certain unconscious intimidation that caused Pattison to shrink back.

“Pattison,” he said, “I know you—and you know that I know you. And you know that I know that there are no rights that you have not violated whenever your purpose required it. You know that I know that there are no rights of man, woman, or child, that you haven’t trampled upon whenever, and just as quick as, your own advantages led you to do so—and you could. Now, let us quit talking of rights. The point lies elsewhere.”

As in the old days, when Trevor’s quiet intensity expressed itself, Pattison, for a moment, was subdued. Looking wonderingly at Trevor, he asked himself what that was, which had led

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this man from those activities where very early wealth had been within his reach, and had brought him to the service of this mob of ignorant laborers. It even occurred to him to offer now to the young man the wealth for which persumably all men must be eager—reflecting calculatingly, meanwhile, that a snug fortune would be effectively bestowed, if it secured the removal of Trevor from the Trust's path. But, while Trevor stood so solidly before him, not even in Pattison could this thought proceed far.

“The issue between us,” he resumed, hesitatingly, “the issue between us is a simple one—my right to employ whom I choose in industries that are my own. What are my rights—my rights as the laws of the land declare them and the government sustains them? That,” he

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concluded, "is what we are considering."

"No," said Trevor, bluntly, "it's not."

"It seems to me," Pattison replied, "to be the only issue there is."

"As it happens," the labor leader said, "that point is bound up with others—with your past, for example, with the power which you have been permitted (rightly or wrongly) to acquire—even, if you choose, with the consent of the laws of the land—and corruptly and tyrannically to exercise."

"If the laws of the land—" the magnate began.

"I know about that, Pattison," Trevor interrupted; "your manipulations are too subterranean for the laws of the land ordinarily to frustrate. Just as also your injustices are too

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well shuffled for us always to nail them.”

“That as it may be,” said Pattison.
“The rights, I think—”

“For once we want you to know what we think. We have come to a time when you must forfeit rights—because you have long acted wrongs. Your corruptions are too insinuating, your greed is too subtle, your lying and thieving are too well disguised for either government or ourselves to run them down. We have to catch you where we can. Do you understand? It’s this single weapon of ours, Pattison—this regulation of the supply of labor against the whole rotten fabric through which your power has been built up, through which your abuses have been possible, and upon which you base your alleged rights. Now do you

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understand? Well, whether you do or don't we are going to press our point."

"You propose," Pattison sneered, "to rule or to ruin."

"Perhaps."

"You would exercise your power—in violation of law, in defiance of government?"

"We shall exercise our power," said Trevor, "in the interests of the people."

"In violation of law, in defiance of government?" the magnate repeated.

For a moment Trevor checked the impulse to speak.

That the contests of labor had involved infractions of the law he well knew. Yet, too, these infractions of law, though lying on the surface, had been relatively of inconsiderable significance. This man, sitting before him,

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clothed in the phrases of law and order, had manipulated law and corrupted government with consequence to the body politic compared with which the laborer's faults were as pinpricks to a deadly poison.

A sense of the unfairness, under which the weaker and more helpless class had fought, made his blood hot. It had been like tying the little dog while the big one chose his point of vantage at will. He controlled himself, however.

"If the law," he said, "has encouraged trusts to develop which have crushed their competitors, it will have to tolerate labor organizations which shall control labor.

"Or," he continued, "if government has winked its eye at subversions of law which have made it possible for

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the trusts to tyrannize, it will have to wink its eye at the infractions of law which will help unions to strengthen their relative positions. If the law and the government have yielded to manipulation for the benefit of a half dozen millionaires, they will have to yield to adjustment in the interests of two hundred thousand helpless laborers—and their families.

“And at any rate,” he concluded, “right or wrong, government or no government, you can’t employ men in these mines save as the organization of miners permits. What we want to know, is whether you will yield the point.”

“Yield?” said Pattison. “Yield?” he demanded. “Yield to you? Yield to you and that mob which is back of you? Why we will smash your organization to hell. Yield to you? We will

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break you. Allow you to usurp our rights? We shall drive you from house and home. We'll starve you.

"Why," he went on, growing angrier with each word. "Do you understand what millions I represent? Have you any idea of the wealth that this corporation controls? What are your paltry millions? Do you know the wealth that these mines, these railroads, stand for? The banks we control? The allied corporations to which we are related? Yield to you? We'll drive you out of the mines. We'll drive you out of Perania."

"I understand," said Trevor, rising. And departing he passed through the door and down into the city.

"Yield to them?" Pattison repeated when he was alone. "We'll starve them."

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Walking to the other side of the town, however, Trevor was strong in the consciousness of different things.

“At any rate,” he reflected, “for once the battle will stand on the merits of a real issue. They can’t starve us. They can’t freeze us.”

That night the preparations for the next step in the organization’s plan having been made complete, Trevor, sitting quietly in his own room, took paper and pen to write to his old friend Arnold. Thoughts of Pattison were by now much subordinated, and Trevor’s mind ran, chiefly, to a discriminating valuation of the resources which were in his own command.

“As fear crushes the courage of a man,” he wrote to his friend, “and his pride and his wit—so confidence kin-

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dles both his energy and his intelligence; as under poverty and intimidation the man shrinks within himself and dwindles to the plane of the animal, or adjusts himself to the level of machinery, so with the initial sense of a claim and title to the richness of the earth, his manhood is reinvigorated, his ambition stirs, and he discovers within himself potentialities to which before he had been a stranger. As, indeed, despair is the great atrophy of life, so hope is the great reformer. Perhaps, my dear Arnold, all this may sound a bit vague to you. Nevertheless it is the advantage which this implies, which the strongly capitalized, and broadly active, organization has brought to the men here.

“ There are, to be sure, great numbers to whom such description does not

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apply. But just as it is true, though scarcely believed, that in most men the good outweighs the bad, so is it true with the majority of these miners that hope and ambition and zeal replace depression; intelligent activity supplants ignorance; and the capacity for serving their class grows, where before, interest has been bounded by the walls of the mines, and the gate of the individual home, or the door of the saloon.

“ The intelligence, the ingenuity, the zeal and the loyalty, which are now increasingly required in the conduct of the affairs of the organization, are ever increasingly at hand. A new sense has been imparted to thousands and thousands, of a nobler worth of the life of their day, of a personal share in the greatness which fills their country, and a truer dignity in the character of the

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work which each man performs. Such an advantage is the advantage which this organization, and all similar organizations, have always stood most in need.

“In the battles which are still to come you will note an important distinction which this advantage will make very marked. The contest of the future will no longer be that of poverty, timidly pleading with riches, nor of helplessness, hesitatingly begging for justice. From now on, with ever increasing truth, the battle will be one in which ambition is matched against ambition; skill and cunning against cunning and skill; no longer a battle in which the oppressed ask humbly for their rights denied, while the oppressors flaunt arrogantly their titles to divine ownership; but, rather, one in

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which rival forces contend for such share of the earth's richness as each has the strength to grasp; a battle in which capital rivals capital, and in which the advantage that one of the contestants may have in trained experience and, perhaps, more developed intelligence, will be balanced by the advantage the other contestant has in numbers of men and in power of physical force."

XVIII.

LONG before the knowledge had become general, long, indeed, before the story appeared in the *Hampton Times*, Pattison had learned what that step was which Trevor was taking as the move of his organization, in the contest that had been forced by the operators.

For a moment, when Evans, who had discovered the facts, had told his story, the magnate had stopped in bewilderment.

“The scoundrels,” he said.

Then dread crept over him. An uneasy sense of a certain fitness in the great power which the forces of labor were so steadily acquiring, was, in these latter days, continually present to his consciousness. It was almost impossible for Pattison to shake it off.

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And now this story—this story that held him for a moment quite still—this story seemed to fit in so well with the idea of the ever-extending and ever-increasing power of that organization which he had set out to destroy.

But then he relaxed.

“Absurd,” he said. “Stuff.”

He laughed—or tried to; though the laughter seemed a little hollow even to his own ears.

“Absurd,” he said again.

The story which Evans had told, concerned the ownership by the Miners' Organization of vast acreages of Peranian lands; of farm lands, located at various points in the mining valleys, and running along, more or less, from one end of the region to the other.

“A hundred thousand acres of farms?” said Pattison. “Stuff. Stuff.

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It's rubbish. What could they do with it? "

Evans persisting, however, in his report, described the important, strategical part, in the strike that had been declared, which these lands were intended to play.

" They have got the lands," he said, " and they are going to use them."

" No," said Pattison, stoutly.

" If this were true," he continued, " I'd have known of it, and I'd have blocked the damned thing. I'd have blocked the infamous game—whatever it is."

And yet, too, the difficulty of " blocking " the plans of the labor organization was growing vastly, intensely harder. Of that he was conscious enough.

" Farm lands? A hundred thou-

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sand acres of farm lands! What could they do with them? ”

Pattison's thoughts came now in jerks. Even that side-tracking of the Organization's store supplies, which the magnate's control of the railroads permitted, seemed now to have lost much of its point.

In any case, however, this was a matter that must be investigated completely—understood thoroughly. He started forth a half dozen other men to get for him with exactness all the facts concerning this first step with which Trevor had marked the great battle.

The capitalized labor organization, it must be understood, had come into the field of large enterprises too late to acquire easy control of many of the rights and privileges, the franchises and charters, which had given private corpora-

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tions their singular advantages, their quickly gained and enormous wealth, and their tremendous power. And yet, though with no such singular favor as such advantages as these implied, there were, perhaps, still some small opportunities which remained.

Land values, at any rate, in the districts lying a little outside of the mining valleys, for a long time had been low. Due partly, perhaps, to the social tendencies of the times, due still more to arbitrary conditions affecting the profits of farming, vast acreages of farm lands in Perania, had so far depreciated in value, that it was almost literally true that a farm could be had for a song. Nor was it a fact of small significance that the farmers who had tried with meagre facilities, with insufficient helpers, and against various

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disadvantages, to make a living out of these farms, were themselves ready to welcome any change that would mitigate their own conditions, either economically or socially.

The opportunity that lay here had dawned in the minds of the leaders but slowly, gradually. One needed to know the facts well in order to understand how great the opportunity was. Nevertheless, though at first but a passing thought, it soon became a speculative idea—a tangible possibility. And then, as the Organization's capital increased, as that capital naturally sought channels of investment, still more, as the likeliness of a great crisis in industrial affairs had deepened, the advantage of owning a liberal quantity of these lands was sharply considered. The day came when that advantage was fully recognized.

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Always with the miners, even when work was at its best, there were ever recurring idle days. And not infrequently, as things had gone there were long periods when these men were without work at all. That this fact would fit in with the possession by the organization, of these farm lands—fit in with peculiar and exceptional nicety—was not hard to see. The farms offered a relief and a profit for the miner's otherwise idle days, while the miner's idle days made a situation that simplified the conduct of the farms.

The further place that these farms might occupy in the unfolding plans of the organization, their value when the miners should be cut off entirely from their usual employment, the refuge they would afford from actual hunger—this was a value by comparison with which

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the amount to be invested in them seemed small indeed. The utilization of half abandoned farms, loomed for a time, as a possibly determining factor in the great battles which labor had still to fight.

And, in any case, the possibility of working these farm lands on the generous scale of a great business enterprise, was itself an idea of infinite attractiveness. It was an idea that fitted in well with the growing plans of the organization. The farms would stand as the complement of the system of stores—as another arm in the unfolding plans through which Labor must come into its own. However Utopian in its first aspect, the idea was practical. What was more—it was vital. Labor here had an opportunity which it must not overlook.

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As conviction of the practicality of the plan ripened, experiments were made—experiments which served also to confirm the theory, that in their productive value, Peranian farms had never been put to a tithe of a test. There were possibilities of production here, before undreamt of. There was increase upon investment. There was return from effort. That which lay here promised soon to put the laborer on that plane where stood the owners of great commercial enterprises. Investment in farms was decided to be wise. Farms were purchased. The land-holdings of the Miners' Organization grew larger, and larger, and larger.

That these farms were now supplied with the best machinery that modern invention has made available, came as a natural sequence. That expert mana-

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gers were sought out and employed, was, of course, in line with the broad methods that were adopted. Farming now was no longer to be by the solitary toiler, dragging out his lonely days in ineffective labor, but by squads, companies, brigades; work that had long dragged out in listless ignorance was to be done quickly, seasonably, and with great results. The characteristics that had long marked the handling of great enterprises, in hundreds of other directions, were now to be applied in this enterprise, shaped for the benefit and the relief of labor's own immediate problems. The produce, the crops, the poultry, that these farms should produce, were to represent large items in the organization's prosperity, while the farms themselves were to stand, always, as a refuge, a protection, and an ever avail-

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able foothold in life, for the members of the organization.

And now, at the juncture to which affairs had come, in the relation of the miners to the operators, it was the fortune of the miners that the contest had fallen to the Spring of the year. The existence of these farms was Trevor's reply to Pattison's threat.

"We'll starve you out," the magnate had said.

"You cannot starve us," said Trevor.

Something of these facts, with such modification or elaboration of them as they chose, the men whom Pattison sent forth to investigate now brought back in the reports which they made to their chief.

As Pattison listened to the reports, and as he reflected upon that which they

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implied, an insight into his own inherent dependence flashed to his brain.

“Ah,” he said.

Of the practicality of the plan as a whole, of the likelihood that it would be successful, of the mishaps or defeats that might attend its management, and bring it to its end—of all this, Pattison pondered and judged as best he might. Had another than Trevor been the author and director of the movement, it is more than likely that Pattison would have dismissed serious thought of it at once. The fact that it was an enterprise of Trevor's, led him to sink gradually into its deepest significance.

He looked about a little helplessly. What was the weapon with which to parry this thrust? Even as he inwardly raged, his quick mind saw how artificial that basis was, on which the

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power rested, which he had long been prone to think his own.

“It is they who *can* be independent,” he said, “if they but know.”

He realized that Trevor’s move was a pertinent one.

“It will be a long time,” he concluded, “before we can drive out that crowd.”

XIX.

WHAT, altogether, had Trevor's move enabled the Organization to effect? After the publication in the press of the main facts concerning the steps that had been taken, this was the question that was widely discussed.

There were, indeed, at first, many doubts expressed of the wisdom of the plan and of its practicality. But, against the latter, the facts of what actually was being done stood out so strongly that there was little to be said. In the move as such there was in truth nothing that was intrinsically strange or novel. Always there had been those among the miners who, in times of idleness, had mitigated the terrors of an industrial conflict, by profitable devotion

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to their own gardens or larger plots. Not infrequently had some miner leased a small farm and made the period of a long strike quite as remunerative as his employment in the mines would have been. Nor had such change in form of activity proved less agreeable to his health than to his pocket. Viewed placidly, Trevor's present move was scarcely more than the extension of this practice, and the application of it, to the entire membership of the Organization, —scarcely more than this, at any rate, save as the broad plans, the large methods, and the systematic direction of the enterprise, permitted it to be more productive—vastly more profitable—vastly more significant. The funds of the Organization had permitted all of its members to be provided for. Its leadership was able to

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utilize the energies of its membership, and from them reap large benefits.

The significance of the move lay in the fact that the great army of workers, who had met Pattison's aggressive attack by withdrawal from the mines, were now able to exist—and, perchance, for an indefinite time—without that dread of impoverishment, of starvation, of humiliation and ruin through which the wealthy powers of the Trust had heretofore brought the efforts made for the advantage of the men, either to absolute defeat or to such compromise as scarce ever compensated for the vast costs which the “strike,” the battle had entailed.

Where before it had seemed apparent that the Operators could exist indefinitely, while in but a short time the workers would be compelled to work—

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or starve; so now it seemed apparent that the workers could exist indefinitely without serious loss, while each week of idleness in the mines would dig deeply into the wealth of the Operators and bring them at no laggard pace to the banks of ruin. Trevor's strategical step, indeed, associated as it was with the great capital of the Organization and its system of stores, had brought the army of workers for the first time to a place where it might negotiate the sale of its labor on a basis of independence and freedom; an independence and freedom such as heretofore had been presumed for, and assumed by, the enemy alone. Nor could the fact be ignored that the Organization's strength did much to make the dependence of the Operators on the labor which the Organization offered them,

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complete. Recurring items in the newspapers soon became full of significance:

“Eight hundred miners” the *Barton Echo* reported, “are now at work on the Organization’s farm near Mendam.”

“Six hundred miners,” the *Hampton Times* reported, “left early yesterday for the Organization’s farm near Ellerton.”

“Five hundred men are now employed on the farms of the Miners’ Organization just out of this city,” said the *Everdale Record*.

And such items of news became exceedingly common. Crude as yet as the arrangements for the care of the workers were, the work which the

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leaders of the Organization had planned was going forward precisely as had been intended that it should.

When the magnates assembled to discuss the matter, Pattison's voice was slow and sombre.

“Altogether, as I figure it out,” he said, “half of that army of miners advantageously at work on *their own farms.*”

“While the other half,” Barnes coldly replied, “remain near the mines to keep there such jealous eye on the places of their usual employment, as, in their judgment, occasion and circumstance require. Yes, I see.”

“It is a critical time,” said Pattison, solemnly.

“But,” said Hemphill, “we must not tolerate it.”

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“Just what,” Barnes asked with marked cynicism, “just what precisely are you going to do about it? Bringing in these new men has not been entirely the success Pattison thought it would be.”

Which was true. The facility with which Pattison's importations discovered excuses for abandoning the work to which the magnate had brought them was surprising enough. And it was commonly said that the best among these men were not only provided with employment on those mysteriously expanding farms of Trevor's, but were also assured of protection by the Organization itself. A league with the new men was more easily established by the Organization, than by the Organization's powerful enemy.

“Let us understand,” Barnes con-

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tinued, now speaking directly to Pattison, “ a full half of their men profitably at work on their own farms.”

“ Yes,” Pattison fairly shouted. “ And they are able to stay there—stay there indefinitely—work for them—food for them. You see? The other half staked off here—along the valleys—picketing our mines and fighting our new men.”

“ An ingenious plan,” Barnes said, calmly enough. “ Half the army producing supplies against hunger and want.”

“ And the other half,” said Pattison, “ here to establish their claim on the collieries.”

“ Half of their army,” Barnes inquired, “ laboring to the distinct profit of the Organization? ”

“ And the other half,” Pattison con-

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cluded, “ kept here to do violence—to intimidate—to obstruct, to gather in mobs.”

And the situation thus stated was scarcely overstated. In fact this precisely was the condition that had now developed in the mines of Perania. The Organization that had been able to provide for its members against want, had been also able to so distribute the forces as to make encroachment of new workers upon the field of its members' employment practically impossible. Had the strength of the Organization been less, the activity of that division of the army which watched the mines might indeed have produced dire situations and consequences; situations from which Pattison might readily have claimed, and perhaps readily secured, the intervention in his behalf of all the

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powers of the State and perhaps, of the Nation. The determined attitude of the Organization, if matched against a contending force of similar proportions, might easily have produced a state of disorder and of violence, of bloodshed, of war.

It was due, however, to the great prestige that the Organization now enjoyed, that its pickets and soldiers had scarcely even to face an opposition. Their presence was sufficient. The incoming men—disunited, disrelated to each other—had at best none of that courage which alone would have served Pattison's purpose. Facing Trevor's forces, and coming to a realization of the outstanding power of Trevor's Organization, they quickly lost such courage as individually they might have had. Not even Pattison himself could find in the

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situation that existed a substantial ground for a call upon the State's militia, nor derive a real advantage, should the State itself yield to his expression of such a wish.

On every side, therefore, it now began to appear that, after years of laborious effort, the association of miners had obtained a position of masterliness in relation to the mines of Perania, and in relation to the men who had for so long enjoyed the great bulk of the wealth which those mines had yielded.

“What are we to do?” Pattison demanded.

“You,” Barnes pointedly replied, “You are managing this, Pattison.”

“But you—what do you suggest?”

“This.” And Barnes now squared himself to his auditors, as one who, after

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long thought, had come—reluctantly, perhaps, but firmly—to a conclusive judgment.

“ This,” he said, “ make the quickest truce you can.”

Pattison turned impatiently.

“ Hemphill,” he said, addressing the other member of the conference, “ we must dig deep into this—and fight.”

Hemphill hesitated. Like Pattison his instinct was to fight the men to the last ditch—provided he saw clearly his own way out. But, unlike Pattison, he shared with Barnes the capacity to recognize a desperateness in the present position, which would be rather aggravated than relieved through a long contest.

“ This Trevor ” he said, “ is an uncommonly shrewd man.” And then he added, a little irrelevantly. “ What is he getting out of it? ”

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“He’s a damned fool,” said Pattison.

“Whatever he is,” Barnes said, slowly and distinctly, “whatever he is, he has you cornered—cornered effectively. The quicker you realize that, the better. The situation,” he added, “is new. He’s got you surrounded on every side, and he’s pressing you in from every quarter. He’s got you fairly stalled.”

“We must fight,” said Pattison.

“Your first plan,” said Barnes, “your first plan was to starve these fellows—starve them into submission.”

Pattison lowered his eyes.

“As a matter of fact,” the other continued, “that hope was your only substantial one. Well—that plan is killed—killed. Your second chance was to get other men. Are you getting them?”

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“Some,” said Pattison. Then in a lower tone, and half to himself, “they are not even decent, stalking horses. Some,” he repeated.

“Pattison,” said Barnes. His words were well weighed. “Pattison, we are at the dawn of a new day. You may not see it. We are. And, though you can’t see it now, you will. We are at the dawn of a new day—at the beginning of an order of things which is strange.”

The further thoughts which lay in his mind but which he did not utter, and would not, were various. In explicit terms it is likely enough that he would have failed to give adequate expression to them even if he had tried. On the one side, however, there was in his consciousness, clear recognition of the impatience, growing ever more extensive

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and ever more grave, with which the people as a whole were now viewing the great Corporations of the country—impatience with the undue proportions of wealth which they had been permitted to grasp—impatience with the uses to which that wealth had been put, with its corruption and its debasements, and impatience, above all, with the gigantic power which its unjustly acquired wealth had permitted it to arrogate.

And, on the other side, there was in his consciousness a dawning recognition of the title of the workers of the world to share more fairly in the wealth which the country boasted—a title which corporate aggrandizement had done all in its power to defeat. Perhaps, too—for the man in his way was something of a philosopher—he discerned that trend in the unfolding thought of modern life,

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in which the improvement of the condition of the downmost man was becoming, more and more, the one defensible object which all the resources of a democracy must be brought to serve, that trend also through which the enlightened determination of the people was brought to bear on all policies, so that this object might be brought to pass. (Nor could Barnes fail to recognize, in Trevor's present work, a singularly practical effort to help a great body of the common people to help themselves.)

And with these general principles lying more or less in a half formed state in his consciousness, it was not difficult for him to perceive new and grave difficulties growing up, if Pattison resorted too boldly, even to means which in earlier times had been effective enough,

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in the contests of great Corporations with their employed workers. The forces of the State, he believed, were no longer so readily at the command of a powerful few. Rather they would be more likely to answer the call of the growing many.

For a moment no reply was made to what Barnes had said. Then the latter spoke more quickly and sharply.

“If you can fight,” he said, “fight. But my word is this: take such terms as they will give you—and take them quick. We’ll save something that way.”

He rose from his chair.

“But,” Mr. Hemphill now had found his voice, “they can’t work in the mines and on their farms. They can’t run their own business and run ours. We must *fight* that.”

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“ Fight? ” Once more instinct leaped to its dominant place. “ We will fight,” Pattison said, hotly. “ We’ll lick them. There’s law in this country, isn’t there? There’s government, isn’t there? There are courts, aren’t there? There’s an army, isn’t there? Well—what are they for? ”

“ Fight, then,” said Barnes, coldly, as he moved to the door. “ But—take a deeper look first into what it is, and who it is, that you are fighting.”

As the door closed on the outgoing men, thought did struggle with hot anger, in Pattison’s mind.

Besides that army of men which Trevor had so strategically handled, there was, of course, the Organization itself. It towered high as Pattison squarely faced it. It was strong and solid. Its resources were great.

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For a time, for an indefinite time, the workers could amply sustain themselves. Still more, the growth of labor's power, the independence of position to which it had attained, the dignity of its related strength, almost completely removed from the realm of calculation the independent worker. The men who were now available were worthless.

He *was* concerned. The defeat of his enemy through impoverishment, through starvation, which, in his mind, had been the key to his triumph—this was frustrated. Defeat of it through importation of other men, this was but a step removed from dismal failure. The eager demand that government should help him, should intervene in his behalf, was palsied by a vision of the new power which could dispute with him

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the claim for government's arm and strength. The grasp for his rights seemed to halt in his throat, while some echo of words that Trevor had used, told of others' rights, with which his had now to reckon.

He still, indeed, had millions to put into the contest. And back of these were larger millions in friendly allegiance. But each week, each day, would now imply great, deep inroads upon them, while the strength of his enemy would abate nothing. He had millions of money to put into the contest, but how were they to prevail if he could neither starve these workers into submission nor induct others into their place? Would not these millions shrink and shrivel and dwindle away?

The old sense of fear, the presentiment of an unnamed dread which had

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been present in his mind from the very first of the contest, gripped him now with a new and terrifying force.

Nevertheless, Pattison's instincts were eternal.

“ Fight them? ” he said. “ Of course we'll fight them—and lick them.”

XX.

SHORTLY after the conference of the magnates, Trevor, and others high in the Councils of the Miner's Organization, were summoned to appear in the Courts of Dorlon County as defendants in a suit at law. Pattison, and certain of his associates in the great Trust of operators, were the plaintiffs.

The suit claimed money damages—money damages in an amount that was calculated to stagger the imagination. It alleged, as the basis of the claim, that the defendants were guilty of intimidating the plaintiff's employees, interfering with them in the peaceful pursuit of their labors, and menacing their safety. It alleged, also, that the defendants were guilty of enticing the plaintiff's employees away. It alleged

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further that the defendants were guilty in a general way of malicious interference with the conduct of the plaintiff's business. It was the courts of law that Pattison had now chosen as the field for his next battle. This summons was his first gun in the second phase of the war upon that organization which he had set out to destroy.

When the summons came, Trevor glanced at it briefly. Then he resumed the work on which he was engaged.

But in another room, in that Miners' Head-quarters, this announcement of the new form which Pattison's aggressiveness had taken was not accepted so readily. To Pendleton, to Protheroe, and to others who were with these two, the step taken recalled harsh scenes from which such men as Pattison had emerged with oppressive triumphs; re-

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called, indeed, the power which men of great wealth had been able to exercise, subtly and with supreme effectiveness, in these very channels where now it was proposed to pitch the battle again; recalled also the disasters to the cause which Pendleton and Protheroe had led, in which this exercise of power had resulted—disasters to the cause, discouragement to the great body of people who, under their leadership, had sacrificed so much in their hope of betterment, and disfavor of both cause and men in those sympathies of the public at large, which had been so necessary and so much hoped for. And now Pendleton, aroused as only a Pendleton could be aroused, righteously indignant as only Pendleton could be indignant, and impetuous, as always—Pendleton rushed to that room in which sat the chief.

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“Law courts?” he demanded. “They have debauched the courts about as long as they may. Trevor, *we* are strong now. They have dictated legislation. They have directed courts. They have controlled authorities—in their interests. Now it’s our turn.”

Trevor smiled.

“Sit down,” he said.

Turning in his chair, he brought out certain documents, carefully collated and classified, which he pushed towards Pendleton, and commended to the latter’s study.

“We’ll have a suit of our own,” he said.

Pendleton spent some time in the study of the documents which had been put before him.

Then Trevor turned again. He abandoned the work upon which he had been

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engaged, and set to work with Pendleton to properly arrange the memoranda for a series of suits at law against the trust of operators—each of the suits claiming large sums in damages, and each of them alleging various invasions by the defendants upon the rights and privileges of the plaintiffs. And Arnold, counsellor-at-law and Trevor's friend, called from New York by Trevor's telegram of the day before, now joined the two leaders in giving that form to their suits which was necessary for their presentation in the courts.

“That's a game,” Trevor said, “at which two can play.”

Nor did the chief of the miners seem disturbed from his usual calm by this new addition to his cares.

Once before—many times before, to

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be sure, but once before with peculiar and spectacular effect—had the battles of rich and powerful contestants been pitched in the courts of law of that great country of which Perania is a part. That older story, in which is included the prostration of the courts at the feet of forces more influential than the courts themselves, the nullification of the court's authority, the futility of the moves and counter-moves of the contestants themselves, and the final reduction of the battle to a contest quite removed from all reference to courts or to law—that story, in truth, is one of the dark blots in the unfolding of the country's history.

Once again such a story began to be enacted. That long siege of the courts which Pattison conducted—that manifestly abler counter-siege of Trevor's;

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that long story of suits and counter-suits, of injunctions and counter-injunctions, of court orders, and counter-court orders—that long story in which, at last, whatever of merit, or of law, or of justice, may have originally inhered in the claims, was entirely obscured; in which naught remained possible but a summing up according to the sympathy which one or the other of the parties had won—of that long story, are not the details complete in the records of the courts of the various counties of which Perania is composed?

One feature distinguished this latter story from its prototype. In the older tale, the contest centered on either side in a few men who were battling solely for their own fortunes. The courts of an imperial state were prostrated in humiliation and disgrace that a few men

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might conduct their nefarious contest for wealth, which, under the most favoring judgment, could be regarded only as plunder.

There was in the present contest the knowledge that one of the contestants represented even numerically a great portion of the commonwealth; represented, characteristically, the majority of that commonwealth; represented, fundamentally, the very basis on which that commonwealth had been reared and upon which alone it could stand. Such advantage as this contestant might gain, would on the whole, represent a recovery to the common body of the people of a power which had long been lost to the forces of those few who were plunderously powerful.

And the knowledge that this was so, soon ripening as it did into firm belief,

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into strong conviction, gained wide, and ever wider, ascendancy, over the public mind. Even many of those men who were the mouthpieces of general opinion, clergymen, lawyers, editors—who had undertaken earlier to bitterly denounce the aggressiveness of the organized forces of labor, men who regarded the forward movement of these organized forces as disturbing, anarchical, men who had believed—or talked as if they believed—that encroachments upon the privileges of the existing commercial power could mean only disaster to the general welfare—even many of these soon began to recognize that the battle of that vast mass of men who constituted the very foundation on which Perania existed, was in truth the battle of the people as a whole; to acknowledge also that in their prosperity lay the

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prosperity of all Perania, even as in their adversity, Perania must lie in bondage.

As the months advanced, indeed, the belief deepened that this organization of labor's forces represented essentially the cause of the people; that out of the body of the people, this force alone was so organized that it could offer effective resistance to the arrogated powers that lay in the hands of a few men. Even the money capital itself, which the organization now boasted, was an augury of general good. For if, on the one side, the capital that had been massed, stood as a weapon to the laboring men in their battles with the harsh conditions of life, it stood no less, on the other side, as a salutary interruption to that steady progress of capital into the hands of a selfish, unscrupulous, and

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often tyrannical few. It stood, indeed, as the one available weapon through which the accumulations of the men who had their hands on the country's wealth were to be checked—the weapon through which the aggrandizement of capital power and the destructive use of that power was to be first arrested, then challenged, and at last broken. That old competition of business man and business man, whose removal and destruction had made the giant corporations possible—something of that old competition seemed here to reappear in new form, and with restoration of advantage to the general good.

And, indeed, as great combinations of wealth had permitted the hands of the few to become stronger than all other forces in the land whatsoever, so rival combinations in the interest of the

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many, were to loose the fingers of the selfish and facilitate the passing of power into the hands of that multitude where it belonged. If, on the one side, the resolute capitalization of their earnings was to stand for the relief of harsh conditions surrounding the toil of many men; on the other, it was to imply a reduction of the nation's gravest dangers. If, on the one side, it was to be the acquisition for laboring men of the agency through which their scant earnings would do twice the service they had done before; on the other side, it was to put shackles on enemies of the Republic. If, on the one side, it was the erection of a bulwark of defense; on the other, it would represent an assault on the fortress of despoiling brigands. On the one side, it was the introduction of life and liberty and light; on the

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other, it would be the restraint of corruption, of fraud, of oppressions, and of tyrannies.

It followed naturally enough, as the sympathy which this sense of things created, became more marked, that in the Battle of the Courts, Trevor's cause gained rapidly over Pattison. Nor, of course, was it a small matter, confronting the politics of Perania, that the votes representing the organization, and affiliated with it, stood now as a solid body, while the people as a whole were alive and aroused to these affairs that were in progress. The magnate of the Trust ere long realized that in this field also he had met defeat.

That change of attack which now followed, in which Pattison made his claim for the protection of the militia of the

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State, and, singularly enough, was able to secure it, had not been even at the outset a promising line of strategy. That, indeed, was the reason why Pattison had first chosen the courts of law as the scene of his efforts.

The militia, nevertheless, had come—had camped about the collieries near Hampton, near Barton, near Everdale—had found some reasons, it seemed, for the use of arms, the exertion of force. Some outbreaks of lawlessness had certainly occurred. Prominent men had been burned in effigy. Humble men, it was said, had been warned of vengeance to come through notices whose signatures were in blood and whose seal was the sign of the skull. A mass of men had assembled to intimidate, now an individual, now a group. A high official of the mines had been

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humiliated. An officer of the law had been attacked. Once a man was dragged to a tree and strung by the neck. A building was dynamited. A train was wrecked.

Nevertheless, that which rendered the introduction of the militia a futile move was the morale of the Organization as it now existed. That division of Trevor's army which, in long lines of resolute men, dotted the outskirts of the mines, was well under the command of its leaders, and was never betrayed into that which was recognizable violence or overt intimidation. The word of the Organization was now sufficient for the purposes which it harbored. And, though Pattison persisted in his efforts to man the mines with new men, yet the newcomers were not long in yielding to the moral pressure of those

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who were of right and of nature their brethren.

As the long summer advanced the striking features of the conditions prevailing in Perania grew out of the operation of the farms. The farms themselves had begun to present the aspect of new communities—in which independence and prosperity were marked. Back and forth also between the various farms to which they were assigned, and the towns in which they were accustomed to dwell, bands of workers were constantly coming and going. And in these men there was the evidence of such individual well-being, of such strength and self-reliance, as would have justified revolutions of greater cost than had been this one—this one which had been effected simply, naturally, with neither violence, nor

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disturbance, nor great sacrifices. Those features which had made picturesque the conditions of earlier contests no longer prevailed. The gaunt and tattered figures were no more. The sufferers, pleading for a portion of rations, were no more. The present contest was a contest of equals.

As autumn came in, however, a condition arose which for a time brought new consternation to Pattison and not a little concern to Trevor as well.

Far and wide, interest in the great contest had deepened. The eyes of an entire country in truth became fastened upon Perania. And in regions distant from Perania itself, the conviction had gained ground that a third factor existed in the situation, with strong claims that might wisely be urged, with

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rights which could no longer be ignored. This third factor was the great public—the great public of the nation—and that great public was preparing to make itself felt.

With the rumbling of voices, with the intensifying of interest, that which impended, was the intervention of the great power of the National Government. And in that intervention there lay the possibility that the Government itself might assume possession and control of the properties around which the battle had waged so long.

In both camps this danger was seriously debated. Within the Organization the possibility was not regarded altogether as an evil. The Organization's affairs, it was true, were in eminently sound condition. Bountiful crops—of dimensions surprising even to

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the most enthusiastic advocates of the methods that had been employed—either had been, or were waiting to be, harvested. The Organization's finances were abundant. The workers were able to face the oncoming winter with neither fear nor anxiety, and, altogether, even if the conclusion of the battle were still to be a long way off, the forces of labor were in a position to maintain their condition of independence and their attitude of aggression. They would, therefore, have preferred to have prosecuted the contest to a finish.

Nevertheless, should the possibility that was threatened come to pass, the disadvantages to the miners themselves would not be great. The opinion that prevailed was representatively voiced by the leader.

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“ In any case, that which we have already done,” he said, “ will stand as clear gain.”

In the other camp, though in truth the weeks had been marked by the record of great monetary losses, yet the Trust of Operators had still abundant millions at their backs, and abundant impulse to use them, if, anywhere on the horizon, the likeliness of success were discernible.

That which first concerned Pattison, as the possibility of the Government's forcible acquisition of the properties began to loom large, was to calculate the size of the advantage that he might gain if such transaction were to be made. But on this point the penetrating observations of Mr. Barnes were discouraging.

“ Save what you can,” the latter had

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concluded. “ Make terms with the Organization, and make them quick.”

And so for a time the matter stood.

XXI.

PATTISON sat again at the wide desk, his eyes resting on long rows of desolating figures. The memorandums before him summed the losses of six months. Week following week, each item stood large to declare the disastrous results of a battle which had really been lost long before. Backed by vastness of numbers, solidified by capital more substantial than his own had been, labor's power had been established.

Pattison turned to Mr. Hemphill.

"We must accept their terms," he said.

"What are their terms?" Hemphill asked.

"Whatever," Pattison listlessly replied, "they choose to make them."

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A moment later, however, he spoke more eagerly.

“We’ll see—what terms we can make.”

In an arrangement of technical issues, it had just occurred to him, he still might manage an advantage.

An hour later Mr. Pattison was driven over to that humbler part of the city in which the miners’ headquarters were located.

“I’ve come,” he said, as he entered the spacious office in which Trevor sat, “I’m ready to arbitrate.”

“We can’t arbitrate,” said Trevor, abruptly.

“You mean?”

It was a subdued Pattison who now spoke—too humble, indeed, to resent the scant courtesy with which he had been received.

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“ You mean that there is no way in which we may settle the differences between us? ”

“ That is another question,” said Trevor. “ That, perhaps. What do you propose? ”

“ Well,” said Pattison, “ we need your men.

“ The point of difference between us,” he went on, “ was that we were to employ your men—union men—only. To that we agree. We agree to employ the men you wish to have us employ.”

“ And what else? ”

“ What else? That was the issue on which we fought,” said Pattison. “ We concede that we are beaten. We agree to abide by your wish. We ask that the men return to work.”

Trevor took from a pigeon-hole a neatly folded document. There was a

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twinkle in his eye as he turned to Pattison, though his voice abated none of its sharpness.

“ We have become business-like over here,” he said. He handed over to Mr. Pattison the document which he had taken down.

The document was simple. It specified four items in which the Trust of Operators should stand in debit to the Organization of Miners for the year that was to follow:

Item No. 1	(Detailed herewith)	\$2,500,000
Item “ 2	“	3,000,000
Item “ 3	“	6,500,000
Item “ 4	“	5,000,000
Total		<u>\$17,000,000</u>

Attached to the general statement were elaborate figures representing the grounds on which the claims were made.

“ When you agree to that,” said

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Trevor, "the men will return to work."

The establishment of their organization had led to a manner of viewing the economic facts which affected them with something of the broad grasp which had been characteristic of the class which always had controlled the industries. The thought, for example, of an excess charge on supplies stood no longer in the minds of the miners as an item of sixty cents, or as the yearly loss to the individual of twenty-five or thirty dollars. It stood in their minds as the item of three million dollars a year which was due to their organization—even as it had stood in the employer's mind as the \$3,000,000 which he must grind from his employees.

And when the amounts of the several claims which the miner righteously held, were aggregated, the amazing total

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vividly deepened his consciousness of what the impositions upon him had implied. The millions which had gone annually to swell the enormous holdings of the great trust, and to place in their hands the almost unlimited power which they exercised, were now beheld in something of their true significance. They now also were in some measure to be reclaimed.

Pattison's study of the document which Trevor had put before him stirred again the passions which in him were eternal. The humility which he had assumed, was submerged. The spirit of hot anger was reawakened.

"That," he said, "is a damned outrage."

"The claim," Trevor quickly rejoined, "is not open to debate."

"But—" the other began.

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“Nor to discussion,” Trevor interrupted. “You understand it. You know the justice of it.”

“Think of our losses,” said Pattison.

“You’ve got to pay.”

Mr. Pattison again pondered the figures. There was a retributive note, of which he was distinctively aware, in the very incisiveness with which the exaction was made.

He hesitated.

To yield the amount was, to be sure, to see the Organization step still more firmly to its place of power. On the other hand, where was choice left to him?

“We agree to the terms,” he said.

“But,” he cried out, a moment later, “where is this to stop? What limit is there to be to these outrages? What is to determine what our rights are?”

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“Service rendered,” said Trevor.

“You will rob us—you will strip us to our last cent.”

“Gradually,” Trevor replied.

“Oh, no,” he then added, “you are a pretty good manager yet Pattison. But—only a manager. We’ll strip you down perhaps to the point where you’ll realize that it is a manager that you are—only a manager. We’ll strip you down to the point where your compensation will be reasonably proportioned to your job. Your other character as arbitrary lord of the earth has been unseemly and overworked—and very disastrous. And your compensation has been too high.”

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